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3987 f. 332

M. Bruce
M. Bankton

EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED.

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. III.

SIXTH EDITION.

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ELEVENTH EVENING.

ON MAN.

Charles. You gave me the definition of a horſe ſome time ago—Pray, Sir, how is a man defined?

Father. That is worth inquiring. Let us conſider, then. He muſt either ſtand by himſelf, or be ranked among the quadrupeds; for there are no other two-legged animals but birds, which he certainly does not reſemble.

C. But how can he be made a quadruped?

F. By ſetting him to crawl on the ground, in which caſe he will as much reſemble a baboon, as a baboon ſet on his hind-legs does a man. In reality, there is little difference between the

arms of a man and the fore legs of a quadruped; and in all other circumſtances of internal and external ſtructure, they are evidently formed upon the ſame model.

C. I ſuppoſe then we muſt call him a digitated quadruped that generally goes upon his hind legs.

F. A naturaliſt could not reckon him otherwiſe; and accordingly Linnæus has placed him in the ſame diviſion with apes, macocos, and bats.

C. Apes, macocos, and bats!

F. Yes—they have all four cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and teats on the breaſt. How do you like your relations?

C. Not at all!

F. Then we will get rid of them by applying to the other part of human nature—the *mind.* Man is an animal poſſeſſed of *reaſon,* and the only one. This, therefore, is enough to define him.

C. I have often heard that man is a rational creature, and I have a notion what that means; but I ſhould like to have an exact definition of reaſon.

F. Reaſon is the faculty by which we compare ideas and draw concluſions. A man walking in the woods of an unknown country finds a bow. He compares it in his mind with other bows, and forms the concluſion that it muſt have been made by man, and that therefore the country is probably inhabited. He diſcovers a hut; ſees in it half-burnt wood, and finds that the aſhes are not quite cold. He concludes, therefore, with certainty, not only that there are inhabitants, but that they cannot be far diſtant. No other animal could do this.

C. But would not a dog, who had been uſed to live with men, run into ſuch a hut and expect to find people in it?

F. He probably would—and this, I acknowledge, is very like reaſon; for he may be ſuppoſed to compare in his mind the hut he has lived in with that he ſees, and to conclude, that as there were men in the firſt, there are in the laſt. But how little a way does this carry him? He finds no men there, and he is unable by any marks to form a judgment how long they have been abſent, or what ſort of people they were; ſtill leſs does he form any plan of conduct in conſequence of his diſcovery.

C. Then is not the difference only, that man has much reaſon, and brutes little?

F. If we adhere to the mere words of the definition of reaſon, I believe this muſt be admitted; but in the exerciſe of it, the ſuperiority of the human faculties is ſo great, that man is in many points abſolutely diſtinguiſhed

from brutes. In the firſt place he has the *uſe of ſpeech*, which no other animal has attained.

C. Cannot many animals make themſelves underſtood by one another by their cries?

F. They can make known a few of their common wants and deſires, but they cannot *diſcourſe*, or communicate ideas ſtored up in the memory. It is this faculty which makes man an *improvable* being, the wiſdom and experience acquired by one individual being thus tranſmitted to others, and ſo on in an endleſs ſeries of progreſſion. There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that the dogs of the preſent day are more knowing than thoſe which lived a thouſand years ago; but the men of this age are much better acquainted with numberleſs arts and ſciences than their remote anceſtors; ſince by the uſe of ſpeech, and of writing (which is ſpeech addreſſed

to the eye), every age adds its own diſcoveries to all former ones. This knowledge of the paſt likewiſe gives man a great inſight into the future. Shakſpeare excellently defines man by ſaying, that he is a creature "made with large diſcourſe, looking before and after."

C. Animals muſt ſurely know ſomething of the future, when they lay up a ſtore of proviſion for the winter.

F. No—it is pretty certain that this is not the caſe, for they will do it as much the firſt year of their lives as any other. Young bees turned out of a hive, as ſoon as they have ſwarmed and got a habitation, begin laying up honey, though they cannot poſſibly foreſee the uſe they ſhall have for it. There are a vaſt number of actions of this kind in animals, which are directed to a uſeful end, but an end which the animal knows nothing of. And this is

what we call *inſtinct*, and properly diſtinguiſh from reaſon. Man has leſs of it than almoſt any other animal, becauſe he wants it leſs. Another point of eſſential difference is, that man is the only animal that makes uſe of *inſtruments* in any of his actions. He is a *tool-making* and *machine-making* animal. By means of this faculty alone he is every where Lord of the creation, and has equally triumphed over the ſubtlety of the cunning, the ſwiftneſs of the fleet, and the force of the ſtrong. He is the only animal that has found out the uſe of *fire*, a moſt important acquiſition!

C. I have read of ſome large apes that will come and ſit round a fire in the woods when men have left it, but have not the ſenſe to keep it in, by throwing on ſticks.

F. Still leſs then could they light a fire. In conſequence of this diſcovery man cooks his food, which no other

animal does. He alone fences againſt the cold by clothing as well as by fire. He alone cultivates the earth, and keeps living animals for future uſes.

C. But have not there been wild men bred in the woods that could do none of theſe things?

F. Some inſtances of this kind are recorded, and they are not to be wondered at; for man was meant to be a *gregarious* animal, or one living in ſociety, in which alone his faculties have full ſcope, and eſpecially his power of improving by the uſe of ſpeech. Theſe poor ſolitary creatures, brought up with the brutes, were in a ſtate entirely unnatural to them. A ſolitary bee, ant, or beaver, would have none of the ſkill and ſagacity of thoſe animals in their proper ſocial condition. Society ſharpens all the faculties, and gives ideas and views which never could have been entertained by an individual.

C. But ſome men that live in ſociety ſeem to be little above the brutes, at leaſt when compared to other men. What is a Hottentot in compariſon to one of us?

F. The difference, indeed, is great, but we agree in the moſt eſſential characters of *man*, and perhaps the advantage is not all on our ſide. The Hottentot cultivates the earth, and rears cattle. He not only herds with his fellows, but he has inſtituted ſome ſort of government for the protection of the weak againſt the ſtrong. He has a notion of right and wrong, and is ſenſible of the neceſſity of controlling preſent appetites and paſſions for the ſake of a future good. He has therefore *morals*. He is poſſeſſed of weapons, tools, clothing, and furniture, of his own making. In agility of body, and the knowledge of various circumſtances

relative to the nature of animals, he ſurpaſſes us. His inferiority lies in thoſe things in which many of the loweſt claſs among us are almoſt equally inferior to the inſtructed.

C. But Hottentots have no notion of a God, or a future ſtate.

F. I am not certain how far that is fact; but, alas! how many among us have no knowledge at all on theſe ſubjects, or only ſome vague notions, full of abſurdity and ſuperſtition! People far advanced in civilization have entertained the groſſeſt errours on theſe ſubjects, which are only to be corrected by the ſerious application of reaſon, or by a direct revelation from Heaven.

C. You ſaid man was an *improvable* creature—but have not many nations been a long time in a ſavage ſtate without improvement?

F. Man is always *capable of improve-*

ment; but he may exiſt a long time, in ſociety, without *actually improving* beyond a certain point. There is little improvement among nations who have not the *art of writing*, for tradition is not capable of preſerving very accurate or extenſive knowledge; and many arts and ſciences, after flouriſhing greatly, have been entirely loſt, in countries which have been overrun by barbarous and illiterate nations. Then there is a principle which I might have mentioned as one of thoſe that diſtinguiſh man from brutes, but it as much diſtinguiſhes ſome men from others. This is *curioſity*, or the love of knowledge for its own ſake. Moſt ſavages have little or nothing of this; but without it we ſhould want one of the chief inducements to exert our faculties. It is curioſity that impels us to ſearch into the properties of every part of nature,

to try all ſorts of experiments, to viſit diſtant regions, and even to examine the appearances and motions of the heavenly bodies. Every fact thus diſcovered leads to other facts; and there is no limit to be ſet to this progreſs. The time may come, when what we now know may ſeem as much ignorance to future ages, as the knowledge of early time does to us.

C. What nations know the moſt at preſent?

F. The Europeans have long been diſtinguiſhed for ſuperior ardour after knowledge, and they poſſeſs beyond all compariſon the greateſt ſhare of it, whereby they have been enabled to command the reſt of the world. The countries in which the arts and ſciences moſt flouriſh at preſent, are the northern and middle parts of Europe, and alſo North America, which, you know,

is inhabited by deſcendants of Europeans. In theſe countries man may be ſaid to be *moſt man*; and they may apply to themſelves the poet's boaſt,

Man is the nobler growth theſe realms ſupply,
And *ſouls* are ripened in our northern ſky.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT.

A DRAMA.

SCENE—*A room in a farm-houſe.* BETTY, *the farmer's wife;* FANNY, *a young woman grown up; Children of various ages differently employed.*

Enter Landlord.

Landl. GOOD morning to you, Betty.

Betty. Ah!—is it your honour? How do you do, Sir!—how is madam and all the good family?

Landl. Very well, thank you; and how are you, and all yours?

Betty. Thank your honour—all pretty well. Will you pleaſe to ſit down?

Ours is but a little crowded place, but there is a clean corner. Set out the chair for his honour, Mary.

Landl. I think every thing is very clean. What, John's in the field, I ſuppoſe.

Betty. Yes, Sir, with his two eldeſt ſons, ſowing and harrowing.

Landl. Well—and here are two, three, four, ſix; all the reſt of your ſtock, I ſuppoſe.—All as buſy as bees!

Betty. Ay, your honour! Theſe are not times to be idle in. John and I have always worked hard, and we bring up our children to work too. There's none of them, except the youngeſt, but can do ſomething.

Landl. You do very rightly. With nduſtry and ſobriety there is no fear of heir getting a living, come what may. wiſh many gentlemen's children had good a chance.

Betty. Lord! Sir, if they have fortunes ready got for them, what need they care?

Landl. But fortunes are eaſier to ſpend than to get; and when they are at the bottom of the purſe, what muſt they do to fill it again?

Betty. Nay, that's true, Sir; and we have reaſon enough to be thankful, that we are able and willing to work, and have a good landlord to live under.

Landl. Good tenants deſerve good landlords; and I have been long acquainted with your value. Come, little folks; I have brought ſomething for you. [*Takes out cakes.*

Betty. Why don't you thank his honour?

Landl. I did not think you had a daughter ſo old as that young woman.

Betty. No more I have, Sir. She

is not my own daughter, though ſhe is as good as one to me.

Landl. Some relation, then, I ſuppoſe?

Betty. No, Sir, none at all.

Landl. Who is ſhe, then?

Betty (*whiſpering*). When ſhe is gone out I will tell your honour.—(*Loud.*) Go, Fanny, and take ſome milk to the young calf in the ſtable.

[*Exit* Fanny.

Landl. A pretty modeſt-looking young woman, on my word!

Betty. Ay, Sir—and as good as ſhe is pretty. You muſt know, Sir, that this young woman is a ſtranger, from a great way off. She came here quite by accident, and has lived with us above a twelvemonth. I'll tell your honour all about it, if you chooſe.

Landl. Pray do,—I am curious to hear it. But firſt favour me with a draught of your whey.

Betty. I beg your pardon, Sir, for not offering it. Run, Mary, and fetch his honour ſome freſh whey in a clean baſin. [Mary *goes.*

Landl. Now pray begin your ſtory.

Betty. Well, Sir—As our John was coming from work one evening, he ſaw at ſome diſtance on the road a carrier's waggon overturned. He ran up to help, and found a poor old gentlewoman lying on the bank much hurt, and this girl ſitting beſide her, crying. My good man, after he had helped in ſetting the waggon to rights, went to them, and with a good deal of difficulty got the gentlewoman into the waggon again, and walked by the ſide of it to our houſe. He called me out, and we got ſomething comfortable for her; but ſhe was ſo ill that ſhe could not bear to be carried further. So after conſulting a while, we took her into the houſe, and put her to bed. Her head was ſadly

hurt, and ſhe ſeemed to grow worſe inſtead of better. We got a doctor to her, and did our beſt to nurſe her, but all would not do, and we ſoon found ſhe was likely to die. Poor Fanny, her granddaughter, never left her day or night; and it would have gone to your honour's heart to have heard the pitiful moan ſhe made over her. She was the only friend ſhe had in the world, ſhe ſaid; and what would become of her if ſhe were to loſe her? Fanny's father and mother were both dead, and ſhe was going with her grandmother into the north, where the old gentlewoman came from, to live cheap, and try to find out ſome relations. Well —to make my ſtory ſhort, in a few days the poor woman died. There was little more money about her than would ſerve to pay the doctor and bury her. Fanny was in ſad trouble indeed. I thought ſhe would never have left her

grandmother's grave. She cried and wrung her hads moſt bitterly. But I tire your honour.

Landl. O no! I am much intereſted in your ſtory.

Betty. We comforted her as well as we could; but all her cry was, What will become of me? Where muſt I go? Who will take care of me? So after a while, ſaid I to John, Poor creature! my heart grieves for her. Perhaps ſhe would like to ſtay with us—though ſhe ſeems to have been brought up in a way of living different from ours, too;—but what can ſhe do, left to herſelf in the wide world! So my huſband agreed that I ſhould aſk her. When I mentioned it to her, poor thing! how her countenance altered, O, ſaid ſhe, I wiſh for nothing ſo much as to ſtay and live with you! I am afraid I can do but little to ſerve you, but indeed I will learn and do my beſt. Said

I, Do no more than you like; you are welcome to ſtay and partake with us as long as you pleaſe. Well, Sir! ſhe ſtaid with us; and ſet about learning to do all kind of our work with ſuch goodwill, and ſo handily, that ſhe ſoon became my beſt helper. And ſhe is ſo ſweet tempered, and ſo fond of us and the children, that I love her as well as if ſhe was my own child. She has been well brought up, I am ſure. She can read and write, and work with her needle, a great deal better than we can, and when work is over ſhe teaches the children. Then ſhe is extraordinarily well-behaved, ſo as to be admired by all that ſee her. So your honour has now the ſtory of our Fanny.

Landl. I thank you heartily for it, my good Betty! It does much credit both to you and Fanny. But pray what is her ſurname?

Betty. It is—let me ſee—I think it is Welford.

Landl. Welford! that is a name I am acquainted with. I ſhould be glad to talk with her a little.

Betty. I will call her in then.

Enter Fanny.

Landl. Come hither, young woman I have heard your ſtory, and been much intereſted by it. You are an orphan, I find.

Fanny. Yes, Sir; a poor orphan.

Landl. Your name is Welford?

Fan. It is, Sir.

Landl. Where did your parents live?

Fan. In London, Sir; but they died when I was very young, and I went to my grandmother's in Surrey,

Landl. Was ſhe your father's mother? You will excuſe my queſtions. I do not aſk from idle curioſity.

Fan. She was, Sir; and had been long a widow.

Landl. Do you know what her maiden name was?

Fan. It was Borrowdale, Sir.

Landl. Borrowdale!—And pray whither were you going when the unfortunate accident happened?

Fan. To Kendal in Weſtmoreland, Sir, near which my grandmother was born.

Landl. Ah! 'tis the very ſame—every circumſtance correſponds! My dear Fanny (*taking her hand*) you have found a relation when you little thought of it. I am your kinſman. My mother was a Borrowdale of Weſtmoreland, and half-ſiſter to your grandmother. I have heard of all your parentage; and I remember the death of your poor father, who was a very honeſt ingenious artiſt: and of your mother ſoon after, of a broken heart. I could never diſcover what family they left, nor what was become of my kinſwoman.

But I heartily rejoice I have found you out in this extraordinary manner. You muſt come and live with me. My wife and daughters will be very glad to receive one whoſe conduct has done her ſo much credit.

Fan. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your kindneſs; but I am too mean a perſon to live as a relation in a family like yours.

Landl. O no! You will not find us of that ſort who deſpiſe worthy people for being low in the world; and your language and actions ſhow that you have been well brought up.

Fan. My poor grandmother, Sir, was ſo kind as to give me all the education in her power; and if I have not ſomewhat benefitted by her example and inſtructions, it muſt have been my own fault.

Landl. You ſpeak very well, and I feel more attached to you the more I

hear you. Well—you muſt prepare to come home with me. I will take care to make proper acknowledgments to the good people here who have been ſo kind to you.

Betty. My dear Fanny, I am heartily glad of your good fortune, but we ſhall all be ſorry to part with you.

Fanny. I am ſure, my dear friend and miſtreſs, I ſhall be ſorry too. You received me when I had no other friend in the world, and have treated me like your own child. I can never forget what I owe you.

Enter John, *and his eldeſt ſon* Thomas.

John. Is your honour here?

Landl. Yes, John; and I have found ſomewhat worth coming for?

John. What is that, Sir!

Landl. A relation, John. This young woman, whom you have ſo kindly entertained, is my kinſwoman.

John. What—our Fanny?

Thomas. Fanny!

Landl. Yes, indeed. And, after thanking you for your kindneſs to her and her poor grandmother, I mean to take her home for a companion to my wife and daughters.

John. This is wonderful news indeed! Well, Fanny, I am very glad you have got ſuch a home to go to—you are worthy of it—but we ſhall miſs you much here.

Betty. So I have been telling her.

Thomas (aſide to Fanny.) What, will you leave us, Fanny? Muſt we part?

Fanny (aſide to him.) What can I do Thomas?

Landl. There ſeems ſome unwillingneſs to part, I ſee, on more ſides than one.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, I believe there is. We have lived very happily together.

Thomas (aſide to Fanny.) I ſee we

muſt part with you, but I hope—Sure you won't quite forget us.

Fanny (to him). You diſtreſs me, Thomas. Forget you! O no!

Landl. Come—I ſee there is ſomething between the young folks that ought to be ſpoken about plainly. Do you explain it, Betty.

Betty. Why, your honour knows we could not tell that Fanny was your relation. So, as my ſon Thomas and ſhe ſeemed to take a liking to one another, and ſhe was ſuch a good clever girl, we did not object to their thinking about making a match of it, as ſoon as he ſhould be ſettled in a farm.

John. But that muſt be over now.

Thomas. Why ſo, father?

John. Why you can't think of his honour's kinſwoman.

Landl. Come Fanny, do you decide this affair.

Fanny. Sir, Thomas offered me his

ſervice when he thought me a poor friendleſs girl; and I might think myſelf favoured by his notice. He gained my goodwill, which no change of circumſtances can make me withdraw. It is my determination to join my lot with his, be it what it may.

Thomas. My deareſt Fanny!

[*Taking her hand.*

Landl. You act nobly my dear girl, and make me proud of my relation. You ſhall have my free conſent and ſomething handſome into the bargain.

Betty. Heaven bleſs your honour! I know it would have been a heart-breaking to my poor boy to have parted with her. Dear Fanny! [*Kiſſes her.*

Landl. I have a farm juſt now vacant. Thomas ſhall take it, and Fanny's portion ſhall ſtock it for him.

Thomas. I humbly thank your honour.

John. I thank you too, Sir, for us all.

Fanny. Sir, ſince you have been ſo indulgent in this matter, give me leave to requeſt you to be ſatisfied with my paying my duty to the ladies, without going to live in a way ſo different from what I have been uſed to, and muſt live in hereafter. I think I can be nowhere better than with my friends and future parents here.

Landl. Your requeſt, Fanny, has ſo much propriety and good ſenſe in it, that I cannot refuſe it. However, you muſt ſuffer us to improve our acquaintance. I aſſure you it will give me particular pleaſure.

Fanny. Sir, you will always command my moſt grateful obedience.

Landl. Well—let Thomas bring you to my houſe this afternoon, and I will introduce you to your relations, and we

will talk over matters. Farewell, my dear! Nay, I muſt have a kiſs.

Fanny. I will wait on you, Sir.

[*Exit Landlord.*

Betty. My dear Fanny—daughter I may now call you—you cannot think how much I feel obliged to you.

Thomas. But who is ſo much obliged as I am?

Fanny. Do you not all deſerve every thing from me?

John. Well, who could have thought when I went to help up the waggon, that it would have brought ſo much good luck to us?

Betty. A good deed is never loſt, they ſay.

Fanny. It ſhall be the buſineſs of my life to prove that this has not been loſt.

TIT FOR TAT,

A TALE.

A LAW there is of ancient fame,
By Nature's ſelf in every land implanted,
Lex Talionis is its Latin name;
But if an Engliſh term be wanted,
Give your next neighbour but a pat,
He'll give you back as good, and tell you—
tit for tat.

This *tit for tat*, it ſeems, not men alone,
But elephants, for legal juſtice own;
In proof of this a ſtory I ſhall tell ye,
Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty Elephant that ſwell'd the ſtate
Of Aurengzebe the Great,
One day was taken by his driver
To drink and cool him in the river,
The driver on his neck was ſeated,
And as he rode along,
By ſome acquaintance in the throng,
With a ripe cocoa-nut was treated.

A cocoa-nut's a pretty fruit enough,
But guarded by a ſhell, both hard and tough.
The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,
Working and ſweating,
Piſhing and fretting,
To find out its inſide,
And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,
"Who'll reach me up (he cries) a ſtone
To break this plaguy ſhell?
But ſtay, I've here a ſolid bone,
May do perhaps as well."
So half in earneſt, half in jeſt,
He bang'd it on the forehead of his beaſt.

An Elephant, they ſay, has human feeling,
And full as well as we, he knows
The diff'rence between words and blows,
Between horſe-play and civil dealing.
Uſe him but well, he'll do his beſt,
And ſerve you faithfully and truly;
But inſults unprovok'd he can't digeſt,
He ſtudies o'er them, and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil (thought the creature)
Was never, certainly, the will of Nature,

So, maſter mine, you may repent,"
Then, ſhaking his broad ears, away he we
The driver took him to the water,
And thought no more about the matter;
But Elephant within his mem'ry hid it;
He *felt* the wrong—the other only *did* it.

A week or two elaps'd, one market day
Again the beaſt and driver took their way;
Thro' rows of ſhops and booths they paſs'd,
With eatables and trinkets ſtor'd
Till to a gard'ner's ſtall they came at laſt,
Where cocoa-nuts lay pil'd upon the board.
Ha! thought the Elephant, 'tis now my turn
To ſhow this method of nut-breaking;
My friend above will like to learn,
Though at the coſt of a head-aching.

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,
And wav'd it o'er his neck with ſudden ſweep,
And on the hapleſs driver's ſconce
He laid a blow ſo hard and full,
That crack'd the nuts at once,
But with them crack'd his ſkull.

Young folks, whene'er you feel inclin'd
To romp with ſports and freedoms rough,
Bear *tit for tat* in mind,
Nor give an Elephant a cuff
To be repaid in kind.

TWELFTH EVENING.

ON WINE AND SPIRITS.

GEORGE and Harry, accompanied by their Tutor, went one day to pay a visit to a neighbouring gentleman, their father's friend. They were very kindly received, and shown all about the gardens and pleasure grounds; but nothing took their fancy so much as an extensive grapery, hung round with bunches of various kinds fully ripe, and almost too big for the vines to support. They were liberally treated with the fruit, and carried away some bunches to eat as they walked. During their return, as they were picking their grapes, said George to the Tutor, A thought is just come into my head, Sir. Wine, you

know, is called the juice of the grape but wine is hot, and intoxicates people that drink much of it. Now we have had a good deal of grape-juice this morning, and yet I do not feel heated, nor does it ſeem at all to have got into our heads. What is the reaſon of this?

Tut. The reaſon is, that grape-juice is not wine, though wine is made from it.

G. Pray how is it made then?

T. I will tell you; for it is a matter worth knowing. The juice preſſed from grapes, called *muſt*, is at firſt a ſweet watery liquor, with a little tartneſs, but with no ſtrength or ſpirit. After it has ſtood awhile, it begins to grow thick and muddy, it moves up and down, and throws ſcum and bubbles of air to the ſurface. This is called *working* or *fermenting*. It continues in this ſtate for ſome time, more or leſs, according to the quantity of the juice

and the temperature of the weather, and then gradually ſettles again, becoming clearer than at firſt. It has now loſt its ſweet flat taſte, and acquired a briſkneſs and pungency, with a heating and intoxicating property; that is, it has become *wine*. This natural proceſs is called the *vinous fermentation*, and many liquors beſide grape-juice are capable of undergoing it.

G. I have heard of the working of beer and ale. Is that of the ſame kind?

T. It is; and beer and ale may properly be called barley-wine; for you know they are clear, briſk, and intoxicating. In the ſame manner, cyder is apple-wine, and mead is honey-wine; and you have heard of raiſin and currant wine, and a great many others.

Har. Yes, there is elder-wine, and cowſlip-wine, and orange-wine.

G. Will every thing of that ſort make *wine?*

T. All vegetable juices that are ſweet are capable of fermenting, and of producing a liquor of a vinous nature; but if they have little ſweetneſs, the liquor is proportionally weak and poor, and is apt to become ſour or vapid.

H. But barley is not ſweet.

T. Barley as it comes from the ear is not; but before it is uſed for brewing, it is made into *malt*, and then it is ſenſibly ſweet. You know what malt is?

H. I have ſeen heaps of it in the malt-houſe, but I do not know how it is made.

T. Barley is made malt by putting it in heaps and wetting it, when it becomes hot, and ſwells, and would ſprout out, juſt as if it were ſown, unleſs it were then dried in a kiln. By this operation it acquires a ſweet taſte. You have drunk ſweetwort?

H. Yes.

T. Well this is made by ſteeping

malt in hot water. The water extracts and diſſolves all the ſweet or ſugary part of the malt. It then becomes like a naturally ſweet juice.

G. Would not ſugar and water then make wine?

T. It would; and the wines made in England of our common fruits and flowers have all a good deal of ſugar in them. Cowſlip flowers, for example, give little more than the flavour to the wine named from them, and it is the ſugar added to them which properly makes the wine.

G. But none of theſe wines are ſo good as grape-wine.

T. No. The grape, from the richneſs and abundance of its juice, is the fruit univerſally preferred for making wine, where it comes to perfection, which it ſeldom does in our climate, except by means of artificial heat.

H. I ſuppoſe, then, grapes are fine in the hotteſt countries.

T. Not ſo, neither; they are properly a fruit of the temperate zone, and do not grow well between the tropics. And in very hot countries it is ſcarcely poſſible to make wines of any kind to keep, for they ferment ſo ſtrongly as to turn ſour almoſt immediately.

G. I think I have read of palm-wine on the coaſt of Guinea.

T. Yes. A ſweet juice flows abundantly from inciſions in certain ſpecies of the palm, which ferments immediately, and makes a very pleaſant ſort of weak wine. But it muſt be drunk the ſame day it is made, for on the next it is as ſour as vinegar.

G. What is vinegar—is it not ſour wine?

T. Every thing that makes wine will make vinegar alſo; and the ſtronger the

wine, the ſtronger the vinegar. The vinous fermentation muſt be firſt brought on, but it need not produce perfect wine; for when the intention is to make vinegar, the liquor is kept ſtill warm, and it goes on without ſtopping to another kind of fermentation, called the *acetous*, the product of which is vinegar.

G. I have heard of alegar. I ſuppoſe that is vinegar made of ale.

T. It is—but as ale is not ſo ſtrong as wine, the vinegar made from it is not ſo ſharp or perfect. But houſewives make good vinegar with ſugar and water.

H. Will vinegar make people drunk if they take too much of it?

T. No. The wine loſes its intoxicating quality as well as its taſte on turning to vinegar.

G. What are ſpirituous liquors—have they not ſomething to do with wine?

T. Yes. They conſiſt of the ſpirituous or intoxicating part of wine ſepa-

rated from the reſt. You may remember that on talking of diſtillation, I told you that it was the raiſing of a liquor in ſteam or vapour, and condenſing it again; and that ſome liquors were more eaſily turned to vapour than others, and were therefore called more volatile or evaporable. Now, wine is a mixed or compound liquor, of which the greater part is water, but what heats and intoxicates is *vinous ſpirit*. This ſpirit, being much more volatile than water, on the application of a gentle heat, flies off in vapour, and may be collected by itſelf in diſtilling veſſels;—and thus are made ſpirituous liquors.

G. Will every thing that you called wine, yield ſpirits?

T. Yes; every thing that has undergone the vinous fermentation. Thus, in England, a great deal of malt-ſpirit is made from a kind of wort brought into fermentation, and then ſet directly

to diſtil, without firſt making ale or beer of it. Gin is a ſpirituous liquor alſo got from corn, and flavoured with juniper-berries. Even potatoes, carrots, and turnips, may be made to afford ſpirits, by firſt fermenting their juices. In the Weſt Indies rum is diſtilled from the dregs of the ſugar canes waſhed out by water and fermented. But brandy is diſtilled from the fermented juice of the grape, and is made in the wine countries.

G. Is ſpirit of wine different from ſpirituous liquors?

T. It is the ſtrongeſt part of them got by diſtilling over again; for all theſe ſtill contain a good deal of water, along with a pure ſpirit, which may be ſeparated by a gentler heat than was uſed at firſt. But in order to procure this as ſtrong and pure as poſſible, it muſt be diſtilled ſeveral times over, always leaving ſome of the watery part behind

When perfectly pure, it is the same, whatever ſpirituous liquor it is got from.

H. My mamma has little bottles of lavender water. What is that?

T. It is ſpirit of wine flavoured with lavender flowers; and it may in like manner be flavoured with many other fragrant things, ſince their odoriferous part is volatile, and will riſe in vapour along with the ſpirit.

H. Will not ſpirit of wine burn violently?

G. That it will, I can tell you; and ſo will rum and brandy, for you know it was ſet on fire when we made ſnap-dragon.

T. All ſpirituous liquors are highly inflammable, and the more ſo the purer they are. One way of trying the purity of ſpirit is to ſee if it will burn all away without leaving any moiſture behind. Then it is much lighter than water, and

that affords another way of judging of its ſtrength. A hollow ivory ball is ſet to ſwim in it; and the deeper it ſinks down, the lighter, and therefore the more ſpirituous, is the liquor.

G. I have heard much of the miſchief done by ſpirituous liquors—pray what good do they do?

T. The uſe and abuſe of wine and ſpirits is a very copious ſubject; and there is ſcarcely any gift of human art, the general effects of which are more dubious. You know what wine is ſaid to be given for in the Bible.

G. To make glad the heart of man.

T. Right. And nothing has ſuch an immediate effect in inſpiring vigour of body and mind as wine. It baniſhes ſorrow and care, recruits from fatigue, enlivens the fancy, inflames the courage, and performs a hundred fine things, of which I could bring you abundant proof from the poets. The phyſicians too

ſpeak almoſt as much in its favour, both in diet and medicine. But its really good effects are only when uſed in moderation; and it unfortunately is one of thoſe things which man can hardly be brought to uſe moderately. Exceſs in wine brings on effects the very contrary to its benefits. It ſtupifies and enfeebles the mind, and fills the body with incurable diſeaſes. And this it does even when uſed without intoxication. But a drunken man loſes for the time every diſtinction of a reaſonable creature, and becomes worſe than a brute beaſt. On this account, Mahomet entirely forbid its uſe to his followers, and to this day it is not publicly drunk in any of the countries that receive the Mahometan religion.

H. Was not that right?

T. I think not. If we were entirely to renounce every thing that may be miſuſed, we ſhould have ſcarce any en-

joyments left; and it is a proper exerciſe of our ſtrength of mind, to uſe good things with moderation, when we have it in our power to do otherwiſe.

G. But ſpirituous liquors are not good at all; are they?

T. They have ſo little good and ſo much bad in them, that I confeſs I wiſh their common uſe could be aboliſhed altogether. They are generally taken by the loweſt claſs of people for the expreſs purpoſe of intoxication; and they are much ſooner prejudicial to the health than wine, and indeed, when drunk unmixed, are no better than ſlow poiſon.

G. Spirit of wine is uſeful, though, for ſeveral things—is it not?

T. Yes; and I would have all ſpirits kept in the hands of chymiſts and artiſts who know how to employ them uſefully. Spirit of wine will diſſolve many things that water will not. Apotheca-

ries uſe them in drawing tinctures, and artiſts in preparing colours and making varniſhes. They are likewiſe very powerful preſervatives from corruption. You may have ſeen ſerpents and inſects brought from abroad in phials full of ſpirits.

G. I have.

H. And I know of another uſe of ſpirits.

T. What is that?

H. To burn in lamps. My grandmamma has a tea-kettle with a lamp under it to keep the water hot, and ſhe burns ſpirits in it.

T. So ſhe does. Well—ſo much for the uſes of theſe liquors.

G. But you have ſaid nothing about ale and beer. Are they wholeſome?

T. Yes, in moderation. But they are ſadly abuſed, too, and rob many men of their health as well as their money and ſenſes.

G. Small beer does no harm, however.

T. No—and we will indulge in a good draught of it when we get home.

H. I like water better.

T. Then drink it by all means. He that is ſatisfied with water has one want the leſs, and may defy thirſt, in this country, at leaſt.

THE BOY WITHOUT A GENIUS.

Mr. Wiſeman the Schoolmaſter, at the end of the ſummer vacation, received a new ſcholar with the following letter:

Sir,

This will be delivered to you by my ſon Samuel, whom I beg leave to commit to your care, hoping that by your well-known ſkill and attention you will be able to make ſomething of him; which, I am ſorry to ſay,

none of his maſters has hitherto done. He is now eleven, and yet can do nothing but read his mother tongue, and that but indifferently. We ſent him at ſeven to a grammar ſchool in our neighbourhood; but his maſter ſoon found that his genius was not turned to learning languages. He was then put to writing, but he ſet about it ſo awkwardly that he made nothing of it. He was tried at accounts, but it appeared that he had no genius for that, neither. He could do nothing in geography for want of memory. In ſhort, if he has any genius at all, it does not yet ſhow itſelf. But I truſt to your experience in caſes of this nature, to diſcover what he is fit for, and to inſtruct him accordingly. I beg to be favoured ſhortly with your opinion about him, and remain, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

HUMPHREY ACRES.

When Mr. Wiſeman had read this letter, he ſhook his head, and ſaid to his aſſiſtant, A pretty ſubject they have ſent us here! a lad that has a great genius for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend Mr. Acres expects that a boy ſhould ſhow a genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it—no uncommon errour! Let us ſee, however, what the youth looks like. I ſuppoſe he is a human creature, at leaſt.

Maſter Samuel Acres was now called in. He came hanging down his head, and looking as if he was going to be flogged.

Come hither, my dear! ſaid Mr. Wiſeman—Stand by me, and do not be afraid. Nobody will hurt you. How old are you?

Eleven laſt May, Sir.

A well-grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play, I dare ſay.

Yes, Sir.

What, are you a good hand at marbles?

Pretty good, Sir.

And can ſpin a top, and drive a hoop, I ſuppoſe?

Yes, Sir.

Then you have the full uſe of your hands and fingers?

Yes, Sir.

Can you write, Samuel?

I learned a little, Sir, but I left it off again.

And why ſo?

Becauſe I could not make the letters.

No! Why how do you think other boys do?—have they more fingers than you?

No, Sir.

Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?

Samuel was ſilent.

Let me look at your hand.

Samuel held out both his paws like a dancing bear.

I ſee nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in the ſchool. You can read, I ſuppoſe.

Yes, Sir.

Tell me then what is written over the ſchool-room door.

Samuel with ſome heſitation read,

WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO.

Pray how did you learn to read?—Was it not with taking pains?

Yes, Sir.

Well—taking more pains will enable you to read better. Do you know any thing of the Latin grammar?

No, Sir.

Have you never learned it?

I tried, Sir, but I could not get it by heart.

Why, you can ſay ſome things by heart. I dare ſay you can tell me the

names of the days of the week in order.

Yes, Sir, I know them.

And the months in the year, perl

Yes, Sir.

And you could probably repeat names of your brothers and ſiſters, all your father's ſervants, and half people in the village beſides.

I believe I could, Sir.

Well—and is *hic, hæc, hoc,* mo difficult to remember than theſe?

Samuel was ſilent.

Have you learned any thing of a counts?

I went into addition, Sir, but I d not go on with it.

Why ſo?

I could not do it, Sir.

How many marbles can you buy f a penny?

Twelve new ones, Sir.

And how many for a halfpenny?

Six.

And how many for two-pence?

Twenty-four.

If you were to have a penny a day, what would that make in a week?

Seven-pence.

But if you paid two-pence out of that, what would you have left?

Samuel ſtudied awhile, and then ſaid, five-pence.

Right. Why here you have been practiſing the four great rules of arithmetic, addition, ſubtraction, multiplication, and diviſion. Learning accounts is no more than this. Well, Samuel, I ſee what you are fit for. I ſhall ſet you about nothing but what you are able to do; but obſerve, you *muſt* do it. We have no *I can't* here. Now go among your ſchool-fellows.

Samuel went away, glad that his examination was over, and with more con-

fidence in his powers than he had felt before.

The next day he began buſineſs. A boy leſs than himſelf was called out to ſet him a copy of letters, and another was appointed to hear him grammar. He read a few ſentences in Engliſh that he could perfectly underſtand, to the maſter himſelf. Thus by going on ſteadily and ſlowly, he made a ſenſible progreſs. He had already joined his letters, got all the declenſions perfectly, and half the multiplication table, when Mr. Wiſeman thought it time to anſwer his father's letter; which he did as follows:

SIR,

I now think it right to give you ſome information concerning your ſon. You perhaps expected it ſooner, but I always wiſh to avoid haſty judgments. You mentioned in your letter that it had not yet been diſcovered which

way his genius pointed. If by *genius* you meant ſuch a decided bent of mind to any one purſuit as will lead to excel with little or no labour or inſtruction, I muſt ſay that I have not met with ſuch a quality in more than three or four boys in my life, and your ſon is certainly not among the number. But if you mean only the *ability* to do ſome of thoſe things which the greater part of mankind can do when properly taught, I can affirm that I find in him no peculiar deficiency. And whether you chooſe to bring him up to trade or to ſome practical profeſſion, I ſee no reaſon to doubt that he may in time become ſufficiently qualified for it. It is my favourite maxim, Sir, that every thing moſt valuable in this life may generally be acquired by taking pains for it. Your ſon has already loſt much time in the fruitleſs expectation of finding out what he would take up of his own accord.

Believe me, Sir, few boys will take up any thing of their own accord but a top or a marble. I will take care, while he is with me, that he loſes no more time this way, but is employed about things that are fit for him, not doubting that we ſhall find him fit for them.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SOLON WISEMAN.

Though the doctrine of this letter did not perfectly agree with Mr. Acres's notions, yet being convinced that Mr. Wiſeman was more likely to make ſomething of his ſon than any of his former preceptors, he continued him at this ſchool for ſome years, and had the ſatisfaction to find him going on in a ſteady courſe of gradual improvement. In due time a profeſſion was choſen for him, which ſeemed to ſuit his temper and talents, but for which he had no *particular turn*, having never thought

at all about it. He made a reſpectable figure in it, and went through the world with credit and uſefulneſs, though *without a genius*.

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH.

VALENTINE was in his thirteenth year, and a ſcholar in one of our great ſchools. He was a well-diſpoſed boy, but could not help envying a little ſome of his companions, who had a larger allowance of money than himſelf. He ventured in a letter to ſound his father on the ſubject, not directly aſking for a particular ſum, but mentioning that many of the boys in his claſs had half-a-crown a week for pocket-money.

His father, who did not chooſe to comply with his wiſhes for various reaſons, nor yet to refuſe him in a mortifying manner, wrote an anſwer, the chief purpoſe of which was to make him ſen-

ſible what ſort of a ſum half-a-crown a week was, and to how many more important uſes it might be put, than to provide a ſchool-boy with things abſolutely ſuperfluous to him.

It is calculated (ſaid he) that a grown man may be kept in health and fit for labour upon a pound and a half of good bread a day. Suppoſe the value of this to be two-pence half-penny, and add a penny for a quart of milk, which will greatly improve his diet, Half-a-crown will keep him eight or nine days in this manner.

A common labourer's wages in our country are ſeven ſhillings per week, and if you add ſomewhat extraordinary for harveſt work, this will not make it amount to three half-crowns on an average the year round. Suppoſe his wife and children to earn another half-crown. For this ten ſhillings per week he will maintain himſelf, his wife, and half-a-

dozen children, in food, lodging, clothes, and fuel. A half-crown then may be reckoned the full weekly maintenance of two human creatures in every thing neceſſary.

Where potatoes are much cultivated, two buſhels, weighing eighty pounds apiece, may be purchaſed for half-a-crown. Here are one hundred and ſixty pounds of ſolid food, of which, allowing for the waſte in dreſſing, you may reckon two pounds and a half ſufficient for the ſole daily nouriſhment of one perſon. At this rate, nine people might be fed a week for half-a-crown; poorly indeed, but ſo as many thouſands are fed, with the addition of a little ſalt or buttermilk.

If the father of a numerous family were out of work, or the mother lying-in, a pariſh would think half-a-crown a week a very ample aſſiſtance to them.

Many of the cottagers round us would

receive with great thankfulneſs a ſix-penny loaf per week, and reckon it a very material addition to their children's bread. For half-a-crown, therefore, you might purchaſe—the weekly bleſſings of five poor families.

Porter is a ſort of luxury to a poor man, but not a uſeleſs one, ſince it will ſtand in the place of ſome ſolid food, and enable him to work with better heart. You could treat a hard-working man with a pint a day of this liquor for a fortnight, with half-a-crown.

Many a cottage in the country inhabited by a large family is let for forty ſhillings a year. Half-a-crown a week would pay the full rent of three ſuch cottages, and allow ſomewhat over for repairs.

The uſual price for ſchooling at a dame-ſchool in a village is two-pence a week. You might therefore get fifteen children inſtructed in reading and the

girls in ſewing, for half-a-crown weekly. But even in a town you might get them taught reading, writing, and accounts, and ſo fitted for any common trade, for five ſhillings a quarter; and therefore half-a-crown a week would keep ſix children at ſuch a ſchool, and provide them with books beſides.

All theſe are ways in which half-a-crown a week might be made to do a great deal of good to *others*. I ſhall now juſt mention one or two ways of laying it out with advantage to yourſelf.

I know you are very fond of coloured plates of plants, and other objects of natural hiſtory. There are now ſeveral works of this ſort publiſhing in monthly numbers, as the Botanical Magazine, the Engliſh Botany, the Flora Ruſtica, and the Naturaliſt's Magazine. Now half-a-crown a week would reach the purchaſe of the beſt of theſe.

The ſame ſum laid out in the old

book ſhops in London would buy more claſſics, and pretty editions in one year, than you could rea five.

Now I do not grudge laying out a-crown a week upon you; but wh many good things for yourſelf others may be done with it, I an willing you ſhould ſquander it awa your ſchoolfellows in tarts and trin

THE RAT WITH A BELL.

A FABLE.

A LARGE old houſe in the countr ſo extremely infeſted with rats, tha thing could be ſecured from thei predations. They ſcaled the wa attack flitches of bacon, though as high as the ceiling. Hanging-ſh afforded no protection to the cheeſ paſtry. They penetrated by ſa

the ſtore-room, and plundered it of preſerves and ſweetmeats. They gnawed through cupboard doors, undermined floors, and ran races behind the wainſcots. The cats could not get at them: they were too cunning and too well fed to meddle with poiſon; and traps only now and then caught a heedleſs ſtraggler. One of theſe, however, on being taken, was the occaſion of practiſing a new device. This was, to faſten a collar with a ſmall bell about the priſoner's neck, and then turn him looſe again.

Overjoyed at the recovery of his liberty, the rat ran into the neareſt hole, and went in ſearch of his companions. They heard at a diſtance the bell tinkle, tinkle, through the dark paſſages, and ſuſpecting ſome enemy had got among them, away they ſcoured, ſome one way and ſome another. The bell-bearer *purſued*; and ſoon gueſſing the cauſe of

their flight, he was greatly amuſed by it. Wherever he approached, it was all hurry-ſcurry, and not a tail of one of them was to be ſeen. He chaſed his old friends from hole to hole, and room to room, laughing all the while at their fears, and increaſing them by all the means in his power. Preſently he had the whole houſe to himſelf. "That's right (quoth he)—the fewer, the better cheer." So he rioted alone among the good things, and ſtuffed till he could hardly walk.

For two or three days this courſe of life went on very pleaſantly. He ate, and ate, and played the bugbear to perfection. At length he grew tired of this lonely condition, and longed to mix with his companions again upon the former footing. But the difficulty was, how to get rid of his bell. He pulled and tugged with his fore feet, *and almoſt* wore the ſkin off his neck

in the attempt, but all in vain. The bell was now his plague and torment. He wandered from room to room, earneſtly deſiring to make himſelf known to one of his companions, but they all kept out of his reach. At laſt, as he was moping about diſconſolate, he fell in puſs's way, and was devoured in an inſtant.

He who is raiſed ſo much above his fellow-creatures as to be the object of their terrour, muſt ſuffer for it in loſing all the comforts of ſociety. He is a ſolitary being in the midſt of crowds. He keeps them at a diſtance, and they equally ſhun him. Dread and affection cannot ſubſiſt together.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

TRIAL*

Of a Complaint made againſt ſundry perſons for breaking the windows of DOROTHY CAREFUL, *Widow, and Dealer in Gingerbread.*

THE court being ſat, there appeared in perſon the Widow *Dorothy Careful*, to make a complaint againſt *Henry Luckleſs*, and other perſon or perſons unknown, for breaking three panes of glaſs, value ninepence, in the houſe of the ſaid widow. Being directed to tell her caſe to the court, ſhe made a curtſey, and began as follows:

* This was meant as a ſequel of that very pleaſing and ingenious little work, entitled *Juvenile Trials*, in which a court of Juſtice is ſuppoſed to be inſtituted in a boarding-ſchool, compoſed of the ſcholars themſelves, for the *purpoſe of trying* offences committed at ſchool.

"Pleaſe your lordſhip, I was ſitting at work by my fireſide, between the hours of ſix and ſeven in the evening, juſt as it was growing duſk, and little Jack was ſpinning beſide me, when all at once crack went the window, and down fell a little baſket of cakes that was ſet up againſt it. I ſtarted up, and cried to Jack, Bleſs me, what's the matter? So ſays Jack, Somebody has thrown a ſtone and broke the window, and I dare ſay it is ſome of the ſchool-boys. With that I ran out of the houſe, and ſaw ſome boys making off as faſt as they could go. So I ran after them as quick as my old legs would carry me; but I ſhould never have come near them, if one had not happened to fall down. Him I caught, and brought back to my houſe, when Jack knew him at once to be maſter Harry Lackleſs. So I told him I would complain of him the next day, and I hope you

worſhip will make him pay the damage, and I think he deſerves a good whipping into the bargain, for injuring a poor widow woman."

The Judge having heard Mrs. Careful's ſtory, deſired her to ſit down; and then calling up maſter Luckleſs, aſked him what he had to ſay for himſelf. Luckleſs appeared with his face a good deal ſcratched, and looking very ruefully. After making his bow, and ſobbing two or three times, he ſaid:

"My lord, I am as innocent of this matter as any boy in the ſchool, and I am ſure I have ſuffered enough about it already. My lord, Billy Thompſon and I were playing in the lane near Mrs. Careful's houſe, when we heard the window crash; and directly after, ſhe came running out towards us. Upon this, Billy ran away, and I ran too, thinking I might bear the blame. But after running a little way, I ſtumbled

over ſomething that lay in the road, and before I could get up again, ſhe overtook me, and caught me by the hair, and began lugging and cuffing me. I told her it was not I that broke her window, but it did not ſignify; ſo ſhe dragged me to the light, lugging and ſcratching me all the while, and then ſaid ſhe would inform againſt me: and that is all I know of the matter."

Judge. I find, good woman, you were willing to revenge yourſelf, without waiting for the juſtice of this court.

Widow Careful. My lord, I confeſs I was put into a paſſion, and did not properly conſider what I was doing.

Judge. Well, where is Billy Thompſon?

Billy. Here, my lord.

Judge. You have heard what Harry Luckleſs ſays. Declare, upon your honour, whether he has ſpoken the *truth.*

Billy. My lord, I am ſure neither he nor I, had any concern in breaking the windows. We were ſtanding together at the time, and I ran on hearing the door open, for fear of being charged with it, and he followed. But what became of him, I did not ſtay to ſee.

Judge. So, you let your friend ſhift for himſelf, and only thought of ſaving yourſelf. But did you ſee any other perſon about the houſe, or in the lane?

Billy. My lord, I thought I heard ſomebody on the other ſide of the hedge creeping along, a little before the window was broken, but I ſaw nobody.

Judge. You hear, good woman, what is alleged in behalf of the perſon you have accuſed. Have you any other evidence againſt him?

Widow Careful. One might be ſure that they would deny it, and tell lies for another: but I hope I am not to put off in that manner.

Judge. I muſt tell you, miſtreſs, that you give too much liberty to your tongue, and are guilty of as much injuſtice as that of which you complain. I ſhould be ſorry, indeed, if the young gentlemen of this ſchool deſerved the general character of liars. You will find among us, I hope, as juſt a ſenſe of what is right and honourable, as among thoſe who are older; and our worthy maſter certainly would not permit us to try offences in this manner, if he thought us capable of bearing falſe witneſs in each other's favour.

Widow Careful. I aſk your lordſhip's pardon, I did not mean to offend; but it is a heavy loſs for a poor woman, and though I did not catch the boy in the fact, he was the neareſt when it was done.

Judge. As that is no more than a ſuſpicion, and he has the poſitive evidence of his ſchool-fellow in his favour, it

will be impoſſible to convict him, conſiſtently with the rules of juſtice. Have you diſcovered any other circumſtance that may point out the offender?

Widow Careful. My lord, next morning Jack found on the floor this top, which I ſuppoſe the window was broke with.

Judge. Hand it up—Here, gentlemen of the jury, pleaſe to examine it, and ſee if you can diſcover any thing of its owner.

Juryman. Here is P. R. cut upon it.

Another. Yes, and I am ſure I recollect Peter Riot's having juſt ſuch a one.

Another. So do I.

Judge. Maſter Riot, is this your top?

Riot. I don't know, my lord, perhaps it may be mine; I have had a great many tops, and when I have done *with them,* I throw them away, and

any body may pick them up that pleaſes. You ſee it has loſt its peg.

Judge. Very well, ſir. Mrs. Careful, you may retire.

Widow Careful. And muſt I have no amends, my lord?

Judge. Have patience. Leave every thing to the court. We ſhall do you all the juſtice in our power.

As ſoon as the widow was gone, the Judge roſe from his ſeat, and with much ſolemnity thus addreſſed the aſſembly:

Gentlemen,—this buſineſs, I confeſs, gives me much diſſatisfaction. A poor woman has been inſulted and injured in her property, apparently without provocation; and though ſhe has not been able to convict the offender, it cannot be doubted that ſhe, as well as the world in general, will impute the crime to ſome of our ſociety. Though I am in my own mind convinced that in her paſſion ſhe charged an innocent perſon

yet the circumſtance of the top *is* ſtrong ſuſpicion, indeed almoſt a proof that the perpetrator of this unmanly miſchief was one of our body. The owner of the top has juſtly obſerved that its having been his property is no certain proof againſt him. Since therefore, in the preſent defect of evidence, the whole ſchool muſt remain burdened with the diſcredit of this action, and ſhare in the guilt of it, I think fit, in the firſt place, to decree, that reſtitution ſhall be made to the ſufferer out of the public cheſt; and next, that a court of inquiry be inſtituted for the expreſs purpoſe of ſearching thoroughly into this affair, with power to examine all perſons upon honour, who are thought likely to be able to throw light upon it. I hope, gentlemen, theſe meaſures meet with your concurrence!

The whole court bowed to the Judge, and expreſſed their entire ſatisfaction *with his determination.*

It was then ordered, that the public treaſurer ſhould go to the Widow Careful's houſe, and pay her the ſum of one ſhilling, making at the ſame time a handſome apology in the name of the ſchool. And ſix perſons were taken by lot out of the jury to compoſe the court of inquiry, which was to ſit in the evening.

The court then adjourned.

On the meeting of the court of inquiry, the firſt thing propoſed by the Preſident was, that the perſons who uſually played with maſter Riot ſhould be ſent for. Accordingly Tom Friſk and Bob Loiter were ſummoned, when the Preſident aſked them upon their honour if they knew the top to have been Riot's. They ſaid they did. They were then aſked whether they remembered when Riot had it in his poſſeſſion?

Friſk. He had it the day before yeſterday, and ſplit a top of mine with it.

Loiter. Yes, and then, as he was making a ſtroke at mine, the peg flew out.

Preſid. What did he then do with it?

Friſk. He put it into his pocket, and ſaid, as it was a ſtrong top, he would have it mended.

Preſid. Then he did not throw it away, or give it to any body?

Loiter. No; he pocketted it up, and we ſaw no more of it.

Preſid. Do you know of any quarrel he had with Widow Careful?

Friſk. Yes; a day or two before he went to her ſhop for ſome gingerbread; but as he already owed her ſixpence, ſhe would not let him have any till he had paid his debts.

Preſid. How did he take this diſappointment?

Friſk. He ſaid he would be revenged *on her.*

Preſid. Are you ſure he uſed ſuch words?

Friſk. Yes, Loiter heard him as well as myſelf.

Loiter. I did, Sir.

Preſid. Do either of you know any more of this affair?

Both. No, Sir.

Preſid. You may go.

The Preſident now obſerved, that theſe witneſſes had done a great deal in eſtabliſhing proofs againſt Riot; for it was now pretty certain that no one but himſelf could have been in poſſeſſion of the top at the time the crime was committed; and alſo it appeared, that he had declared a malicious intention againſt the woman, which it was highly probable he would put into execution.—As the court was debating about the next ſtep to be taken, they were acquainted that Jack, the widow's ſon, was waiting at the ſchool door for admiſſion

and a perſon being ſent out for him Mr. Riot was found threatening the boy and bidding him go home about his buſi-neſs. The boy was however conveyed ſafely into the room, when he thus addreſſed himſelf to the Preſident.

Jack. Sir, and pleaſe your worſhip, as I was looking about this morning for ſticks in the hedge over againſt our houſe, I found this buckle. So I thought to myſelf, ſure this muſt belong to the raſcal that broke our windows. So I have brought it to ſee if any body in the ſchool would own it.

Preſid. On which ſide of the hedge did you find it?

Jack. On the other ſide from our houſe, in the cloſe.

Preſid. Let us ſee it. Gentlemen, this is ſo ſmart a buckle, that I am ſure I remember it at once, and ſo I dare ſay you all do?

All. It is Riot's.

Preſid. Has any body obſerved Riot's ſhoes to day?

One Boy. Yes, he has got them tied with ſtrings.

Preſid. Very well, Gentlemen; we have nothing more to do than to draw up an account of all the evidence we have heard, and lay it before his lordſhip. Jack, you may go home.

Jack. Pray, Sir, let ſomebody go with me, for I am afraid of Riot, who has juſt been threatening me at the door.

Preſid. Maſter Bold will pleaſe to go along with the boy.

The minutes of the court were then drawn up, and the Preſident took them to the Judge's chamber. After the Judge had peruſed them, he ordered an indictment to be drawn up againſt Peter Riot, "for that he meanly, clandeſtinely, and with malice aforethought, had broken three panes in the window of Widow Careful, with a certain inſtru-

ment called a top, whereby he had committed an atrocious injury on an innocent perſon, and had brought a diſgrace upon the ſociety to which he belonged." At the ſame time, he ſent an officer to inform maſter Riot that his trial would come on the next morning.

Riot, who was with ſome of his gay companions, affected to treat the matter with great indifference, and even to make a jeſt of it. However, in the morning he thought it beſt to endeavour to make it up; and accordingly, when the court was aſſembled, he ſent one of his friends with a ſhilling, ſaying that he would not trouble them with any further inquiries, but would pay the ſum that had been iſſued out of the public ſtock. On the receipt of this meſſage, the Judge roſe with much ſeverity in his countenance, and obſerved, that by ſuch a contemptuous behaviour towards the *court the criminal* had greatly added to

his offence; he ordered two officers with their ſtaves immediately to go and bring in Riot, and to uſe force if he ſhould reſiſt them. The culprit, thinking it beſt to ſubmit, was preſently led in between the two officers; when being placed at the bar, the judge thus addreſſed him:

"I am ſorry, Sir, that any member of this ſociety can be ſo little ſenſible of the nature of a crime, and ſo little acquainted with the principles of a court of juſtice, as you have ſhown yourſelf to be, by the propoſal you took the improper liberty of ſending to us. If you meant it as a confeſſion of your guilt, you certainly ought to have waited to receive from us the penalty we thought proper to inflict, and not to have imagined that an offer of the mere payment of damages would ſatisfy the claims of juſtice againſt you. If you had only broken the window by accident, and *on your* own accord offered reſtitution

nothing leſs than the full damages could have been accepted. But you now ſtand charged with having done this miſchief, meanly, ſecretly, and maliciouſly, and thereby have added a great deal of criminal intention to the act. Can you then think that a court like this, deſigned to watch over the morals, as well as protect the properties, of our community, can ſo ſlightly paſs over ſuch aggravated offences? You can claim no merit from confeſſing the crime, now that you know ſo much evidence will appear againſt you. And if you chooſe ſtill to plead not guilty, you are at liberty to do it, and we will proceed immediately to the trial, without taking any advantage of the confeſſion implied by your offer of payment."

Riot ſtood ſilent for ſome time, and then begged to be allowed to conſult with his friends, what was beſt for him to do. This was agreed to, and he was

permitted to retire, though under guard of an officer. After a ſhort abſence, he returned with more humility in his looks, and ſaid that he pleaded guilty, and threw himſelf on the mercy of the court. The Judge then made a ſpeech of ſome length for the purpoſe of convincing the priſoner, as well as the by-ſtanders, of the enormity of the crime. He then pronounced the following ſentence:

"You, Peter Riot, are hereby ſentenced to pay the ſum of half-a-crown to the public treaſury, as a ſatisfaction for the miſchief you have done, and your attempt to conceal it. You are to repair to the houſe of Widow Careful, accompanied by ſuch witneſſes as we ſhall appoint, and there, having firſt paid her the ſum you owe her, you ſhall aſk her pardon for the inſult you offered her. You ſhall likewiſe, to morrow, after ſchool, ſtand up in your

place, and before all the ſcholars aſk pardon for the diſgrace you have been the means of bringing upon the ſociety; and in particular you ſhall apologize to maſter Luckleſs, for the diſagreeable circumſtance you were the means of bringing him into. Till all this is complied with, you ſhall not preſume to come into the play ground, or join in any of the diverſions of the ſchool; and all perſons are hereby admoniſhed *not* to keep you company till this is done."

Riot was then diſmiſſed to his room; and in the afternoon he was taken to the widow's, who was pleaſed to receive his ſubmiſſion graciouſly, and at the ſame time to apologize for her own improper treatment of maſter Luckleſs, to whom ſhe ſent a preſent of a nice ball by way of amends.

Thus ended this important buſineſs.

THE LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

G. What a delightful ſmell!

H. Charming! It is ſweeter than Mr. Eſſence's ſhop.

T. Do you know whence it comes?

G. O—it is from the bean-field on the other ſide of the hedge, I ſuppoſe.

T. It is. This is the month in which beans are in bloſſom. See—the ſtalks are full of their black and white flowers.

H. I ſee pease in bloſſom, too, on the other ſide of the field.

G. You told us ſome time ago of graſs and corn flowers, but they make a poor figure compared to theſe.

T. They do. The glory of a corn-field is when it is ripe; but pease and

beans look very ſhabbily at that time. But ſuppoſe we take a cloſer view of theſe bloſſoms. Go you, George, and bring me a bean plant; and you, Harry, a pea. [*They go and bring them.*

T. Now let us ſit down and compare them. Do you think theſe flowers much alike?

H. O no—very little.

G. Yes—a good deal!

T. A little and a good deal! How can that be? Come, let us ſee. In the firſt place they do not much reſemble each other in ſize or colour.

G. No—but I think they do in ſhape.

T. True. They are both irregular flowers, and have the ſame diſtribution of parts. They are of the kind called *papilionaceous*, from *papilio*, the Latin word for a butterfly, which inſect they are thought to reſemble.

G. The pea does a little, but not much.

T. Some do much more than theſe. Well—you ſee firſt a broad leaf ſtanding upright, but ſomewhat bent back; this is named the *ſtandard.* On each ſide are two narrower, called the *wings.* The under ſide of the flower is formed of a hollow part reſembling a boat: this is called the *keel.*

G. It is very like a boat, indeed!

T. In ſome kinds, however, it is divided in the middle, and ſo is like a boat ſplit in two. All theſe parts have claws which unite to form a tube, ſet in a *calyx* or flower cup. This tube, you obſerve, is longer in the bean than in the pea, and the proportions of the other parts are ſomewhat different; but the parts themſelves are found in both.

H. So they are. I think them alike now.

T. That is the conſequence of examining cloſely. Now let us ſtrip off

all the leaves of this bean flower but the keel. What do you think this boat contains?

G. It muſt be thoſe little things that you told us are in all flowers.

H. The chives and piſtil.

T. Right. I will draw down the keel gently, and you ſhall ſee them.

H. How curious!

T. Here are a number of chives joining in their bodies ſo as to make a round tube, or cylinder, through which comes out a crooked thread, which is the piſtil. I will now with a pin ſlit this cylinder. What do you ſee within it?

G. Somewhat like a little pod.

T. True—and to ſhow you that it *is* a pod, I will open it, and you ſhall ſee the ſeeds within it.

H. What tiny things! Is this then what makes the bean pod afterwards?

T. *It is.* When the bloſſom drops,

this ſeed-veſſel grows bigger and bigger, and at length hardens as the ſeeds grow ripe, becomes black and ſhrivelled, and would burſt and ſhed the ſeeds, if they were not gathered.

G. I have ſeen ſeveral burſt pods of our ſweet pease under the wall, with nothing left in them.

T. And it is common for the field pease and beans to loſe a great part of the ſeeds while they are getting in.

H. At the bottom of this pea-ſtalk there are ſome pods ſet already.

T. Open one. You ſee that the pod is compoſed of two ſhells, and that all the ſeeds are faſtened to one ſide of the pod, but alternately to each ſhell.

G. Is it the ſame in beans?

T. Yes, and in all other pods of the papilionaceous flowers. Well—this is the general ſtructure of a very numerous and uſeful claſs of plants called the *leguminous* or podded. Of theſe, in

country, the greater part are herbaceous, with ſome ſhrubs. In the warm climates there are alſo tall trees. Many of the leguminous plants afford excellent nouriſhment for man and beaſt; and their pods have the name of *pulſe*.

G. I have read of perſons living on pulſe, but I did not know what it meant before.

T. It is frequently mentioned as part of the diet of abſtemious perſons. Of this kind, we eat pease, beans, and kidney or French beans, of all which there are a variety of ſorts cultivated. Other nations eat lentiles and lupins, which are of this claſs; with ſeveral others.

H. I remember our lupins in the garden have flowers of this kind, with pods growing in cluſters. But we only cultivate them for the colour and ſmell.

T. But other nations eat them. Then *all the kinds of* clover, or trefoil, which

are ſo uſeful in feeding cattle, belong to this tribe; as do likewiſe vetches, ſainfoin, and lucerne, which are uſed for the ſame purpoſe. Theſe principally compoſe what are uſually, though improperly, called in agriculture *artificial graſſes.*

G. Clover flowers are as ſweet as beans; but do they bear pods?

T. Yes; very ſhort ones, with one or two ſeeds in each. But there is a kind called nonſuch, with a very ſmall yellow flower, that has a curious twiſted pod, like a ſnail-ſhell. Many of the leguminous plants are weak, and cannot ſupport themſelves; hence they are furniſhed with tendrils, by means of which they claſp neighbouring plants, and run up them. You know the garden pease do ſo to the ſticks which are ſet in the rows with them. Some kind of vetches run in this manner up

the hedges, which they decorate with their long bunches of blue or purple flowers. Tares, which are ſome of the ſlendereſt of the family, do much miſchief among corn by twining round it and choking it.

H. What are they good for then?

T. They are weeds, or noxious plants with reſpect to us; but doubtleſs they have their uſes in the creation. Some of our papilionaceous plants, however, are able enough to ſhift for themſelves; for gorſe or furze is of the number.

G. What, that prickly buſh all covered over with yellow flowers, that overruns our common?

T. Yes. Then there is broom, a plant as big, but without thorns, and with larger flowers. This is as frequent as furze in ſome places.

H. I know it grows in abundance in the broom-field.

T. It does; but the naming of fields and places from it is a proof that it is not ſo common as the other.

G. We have ſome buſhes of white broom in the ſhrubbery, and ſome trees of Spaniſh broom.

T. True. You have alſo a ſmall tree which flowers early, and bears a great many pendent branches of yellow bloſſoms, that look peculiarly beautiful when intermixed with the purple lilacs.

H. I know it—Laburnum.

T. Right. That is one of our claſs of plants too. Then there is a large tree, with delicate little leaves, protected by long thorns, and bearing bunches of white papilionaceous flowers.

G. I know which you mean, but I cannot tell the name.

T. It is the Baſtard Acacia, or Locuſt tree, a native of America. Thus you ſee, we have traced this claſs of

plants through all ſizes from the trefoil that covers the turf, to a large tree. I ſhould not, however, forget two others, the Liquorice, and the Tamarind. The Liquorice, with the ſweet root of which you are well acquainted, grows in the warmer countries, eſpecially Spain, but is cultivated in England. The Tamarind is a large ſpreading tree growing in the Weſt Indies, and valued for its ſhade, as well as for the cooling acid pulp of its pods, which are preſerved with ſugar and ſent over to us.

H. I know them very well.

T. Well—do you think now you ſhall both be able to diſcover a papilionaceous flower when you meet with it again?

G. I believe I ſhall, if they are all like theſe we have been examining.

T. They have all the ſame parts, though variouſly proportioned. What *are theſe?*

G. There is the ſtandard and two wings.

H. And the keel.

T. Right—the keel ſometimes cleft into two, and then it is an irregular five-leaved flower. The chives are generally ten, of which one ſtands apart from the reſt. The piſtil ſingle, and ending in a pod. Another circumſtance common to moſt of this tribe, is, that their leaves are *winged* or *pinnated*, that is, having leaflets ſet oppoſite each other upon a middle rib. You ſee this ſtructure in theſe bean leaves. But in the clovers there are only two oppoſite leaflets, and one terminating; whence their name of trefoil, or three-leaf. What we call a club on cards is properly a clover leaf, and the French call it *treſle*, which means the ſame.

G. I think this tribe of plants almoſt as uſeful as the graſſes.

T. They perhaps come the next in

utility: but their ſeeds, ſuch as beans and pease, are not quite ſuch good nouriſhment as corn, and bread cannot be made of them.

G. But clover is better than graſs for cattle.

T. It is more fattening, and makes cows yield plenty of fine milk. Well—let us march.

WALKING THE STREETS.

A PARABLE.

HAVE you ever walked through the crowded ſtreets of a great city?

What ſhoals of people pouring in from oppoſite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impoſſible for them to get through; yet all paſs on their way without ſtop or moleſtation.

Were each man to proceed exactly *in the line* in which he ſet out, he

could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would ſtrike againſt each other, fall back, puſh forward again, block up the way for themſelves and thoſe after them, and throw the whole ſtreet into confuſion.

All this is avoided by every man's *yielding a little.*

Inſtead of advancing ſquare, ſtiff, with arms ſtuck out, every one who knows how to walk the ſtreets, glides along, his arms cloſe, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this ſide, now on that, ſo as to paſs and be paſſed without touching, in the ſmalleſt poſſible ſpace.

He puſhes no one into the kennel, nor goes into it himſelf. By *mutual accommodation* the path, though narrow, holds them all.

He goes neither much faſter nor

much ſlower than thoſe who go in the ſame direction. In the firſt caſe he would elbow, in the ſecond he would be elbowed.

If any accidental ſtop ariſes, from a carriage croſſing, a caſk rolled, a pick-pocket detected, or the like, he does not increaſe the buſtle by ruſhing into the midſt of it, but checks his pace, and patiently waits for its removal.

Like this is the *march of life.*

In our progreſs through the world, a thouſand things ſtand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with oppoſite opinions and inclinations. Some ſtand before us in our purſuit of pleaſure or intereſt, and others follow cloſe upon our heels. Now, we ought in the firſt place to conſider, that *the road is as free for one as for another;* and therefore we have no right to expect that perſons ſhould go out of their *way to let* us paſs, any more than we

out of ours. Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we muſt all ſtand ſtill, or be thrown into a perpetual confuſion of ſqueezing and juſtling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as faſt as poſſible to ſome point of pleaſure or intereſt in our view, and do not occaſionally hold back, when the crowd gathers and angry contentions ariſe, we ſhall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progreſs. On the whole, it is our buſineſs to move onwards, ſteadily, but quietly, obſtructing others as little as poſſible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices, and that man's deſires, and doing every thing in our power to make the *journey of life* eaſy to all our fellow-travellers as well as to ourſelves.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

ON PRESENCE OF MIND.

Mrs. F. one day having occaſion to be bled, ſent for the ſurgeon. As ſoon as he entered the room, her young daughter, Eliza, ſtarted up, and was haſtily going away, when her mother called her back.

Mrs. F. Eliza, do not go, I want you to ſtay by me.

Eliz. Dear mamma! I can never bear to ſee you bled.

Mrs. F. Why not? what harm will it do you?

E. O dear! I cannot look at blood. Beſides, I cannot bear to ſee you hurt, *mamma!*

Mrs. F. O, if I can bear to feel it, ſurely you may to ſee it. But come—you *muſt* ſtay, and we will talk about it afterwards.

Eliza then, pale and trembling, ſtood by her mother, and ſaw the whole operation. She could not help, however, turning her head away when the inciſion was made, and the firſt flow of blood made her ſtart and ſhudder. When all was over, and the ſurgeon gone, Mrs. F. began,

Well, Eliza, what do you think of this mighty matter now? Would it not have been very fooliſh to have run away from it?

E. O mamma! how frightened I was when he took out his lancet! Did it not hurt you a great deal?

Mrs. F. No, very little. And if it had, it was to do me good, you know.

E. But why ſhould I ſtay to ſee it? I could do you no good.

Mrs. F. Perhaps not; but it will do you good to be accuſtomed to ſuch ſights.

E. Why, mamma?

Mrs. F. Becauſe inſtances are every day happening in which it is our duty to aſſiſt fellow-creatures in circumſtances of pain and diſtreſs; and if we were to indulge a reluctance to come near to them on thoſe occaſions, we ſhould never acquire either the knowledge or the preſence of mind neceſſary for the purpoſe.

E. But if I had been told how to help people in ſuch caſes, could not I do it without being uſed to ſee them?

Mrs. F. No. We have all naturally a horrour at every thing which is the cauſe of pain and danger to ourſelves or others; and nothing but habit can give moſt of us the preſence of mind neceſſary to enable us in ſuch oc-

currences to employ our knowledge to the beſt advantage.

E. What is *preſence of mind*, mamma?

Mrs. F. It is that ſteady poſſeſſion of ourſelves in caſes of alarm, that prevents us from being flurried and frightened. You have heard the expreſſion of *having all our wits about us.* That is the effect of preſence of mind, and a moſt ineſtimable quality it is, for without it, we are full as likely to run into danger as to avoid it. Do you not remember hearing of your couſin Mary's cap taking fire in the candle?

E. O yes—very well.

Mrs. F. Well—the maid, as ſoon ſhe ſaw it ſet up a great ſcream, and ran out of the room; and Mary might have been burnt to death for any aſſiſtance ſhe could give her.

E. How fooliſh that was!

Mrs. F. Yes—the girl had not the leaſt preſence of mind, and the conſe-

quence was, depriving her of all recollection, and making her entirely uſeleſs. But as ſoon as your aunt came up, ſhe took the right method for preventing the miſchief. The cap was too much on fire to be pulled off; ſo ſhe whipped a quilt from the bed and flung it round Mary's head, and thus ſtifled the flame.

E. Mary was a good deal ſcorched, though.

Mrs. F. Yes—but it was very well that it was no worſe. If the maid, however, had acted with any ſenſe at firſt, no harm at all would have been done, except burning the cap. I remember a much more fatal example of the want of preſence of mind. The miſtreſs of a family was awakened by flames burſting through the wainſcot nto her chamber. She flew to the air-caſe; and in her confuſion, inſtead f *going up* ſtairs to call her children,

who ſlept together in the nurſery overhead, and who might have all eſcaped by the top of the houſe, ſhe ran down, and with much danger made way through the fire into the ſtreet. When ſhe had got thither, the thought of her poor children ruſhed into her mind, but it was too late. The ſtairs had caught fire, ſo that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

E. What a ſad thing!

Mrs. F. Sad indeed! Now I will tell you of a different conduct. A lady was awakened by the crackling of fire, and ſaw it ſhining under her chamber floor. Her huſband would immediately have opened the door, but ſhe prevented him, ſince the ſmoke and flame would then have burſt in upon them. The children with a maid ſlept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and awakened them; and tying together

the ſheets and blankets, ſhe ſent down the maid from the window firſt, and then let down the children one by one to her. Laſt of all ſhe deſcended herſelf. A few minutes after the floor fell in, and all the houſe was in flames.

E. What a happy eſcape!

Mrs. F. Yes—and with what cool recollection of mind it was managed! For mothers to love their children, and be willing to run any hazards for them, is common; but in weak minds that very love is apt to prevent exertions in the time of danger. I knew a lady who had a fine little boy ſitting in her lap. He put a whole plum into his mouth, which ſlipped into his throat, and choked him. The poor fellow turned black and ſtruggled violently; and the mother was ſo frightened, that inſtead of putting her finger into his throat and pulling out the plum, which *might* eaſily have been done, ſhe laid

him on the floor, and ran to call for aſſiſtance. But the maids who came up were as much flurried as ſhe; and the child died before any thing effectual was done to relieve him.

E. How unhappy ſhe muſt have been about it!

Mrs. F. Yes. It threw her into an illneſs, which had like to have coſt her her life.

Another lady, ſeeing her little boy climb up a high ladder, ſet up a violent ſcream that frightened the child, ſo that he fell down and was much hurt; whereas if ſhe had poſſeſſed command enough over herſelf to ſpeak to him gently, he might have got down ſafely.

E. Dear mamma! what is that running down your arm?—O, it is blood!

Mrs. F. Yes—my arm bleeds again. I have ſtirred it too ſoon.

E. Dear! what ſhall I do?

Mrs. F. Don't frighten yourſelf. I ſhall ſtop the blood by preſſing on the orifice with my finger. In the mean time do you ring the bell.

[Eliza *rings—a ſervant comes.*

Mrs. F. Betty, my arm bleeds. Can you tie it up again?

Betty. I believe I can, madam.

[*She takes off the bandage and puts on another.*

E. I hope it is ſtopped now.

Mrs. F. It is. Betty has done it very well. You ſee ſhe went about it with compoſure. This accident puts me in mind of another ſtory which is very well worth hearing. A man once reaping in the field cut his arm dreadfully with his ſickle, and divided an artery.

E. What is that, mamma?

Mrs. F. It is one of the canals or pipes through which the blood from the heart runs like water in a pipe

brought from a reſervoir. When one of theſe is cut, it bleeds very violently, and the only way to ſtop it is to make a preſſure between the wounded place and the heart, in order to intercept the courſe of the blood towards it. Well —this poor man bled profuſely; and the people about him, both men and women, were ſo ſtupified with fright, that ſome ran one way, ſome another, and ſome ſtood ſtock ſtill. In ſhort, he would ſoon have bled to death, had not a briſk ſtout-hearted wench, who came up, ſlipped off her garter, and bound it tight above the wound, by which means the bleeding was ſtopped till proper help could be procured.

E. What a clever wench! But how did ſhe know what to do?

Mrs. F. She had perhaps heard it, as you have done now; and ſo probably had ſome of the others, but they had not preſence of mind enough to

put it into practice. It is a much greater trial of courage, however, when the danger presses upon ourselves as well as others. Suppose a furious bull was to come upon you in the midst of a field. You could not possibly escape him by running, and attempting it would destroy your only chance of safety.

E. What would that be?

Mrs. F. I have a story for that too. The mother of that Mr. Day, who wrote *Sandford and Merton*, was distinguished, as he also was, for courage and presence of mind. When a young woman, she was one day walking in the fields with a companion, when they perceived a bull coming to them roaring and tossing about his horns in the most tremendous manner.

E. O, how I should have screamed!

Mrs. F. I dare say you would; and so *did her* companion. But the bid her

walk away behind her as gently as ſhe could, whilſt ſhe herſelf ſtopped ſhort, and faced the bull, eyeing him with a determined countenance. The bull, when he had come near, ſtopped alſo, pawing the ground and roaring. Few animals will attack a man who ſteadily waits for them. In a while, ſhe drew back ſome ſteps, ſtill facing the bull. The bull followed. She ſtopped, and then he ſtopped. In this manner, ſhe made good her retreat to the ſtyle over which her companion had before got. She then turned and ſprung over it, and got clear out of danger.

E. That was bravely done, indeed! But I think very few women could have done as much.

Mrs. F. Such a degree of cool reſolution to be ſure is not common. But I have read of a lady in the Eaſt Indies, who ſhowed at leaſt as much. She was *ſitting* out of doors with a party of plea-

ſure, when they were aware of a huge tiger that had crept through a hedge near them, and was juſt ready to make his fatal ſpring. They were ſtruck with the utmoſt conſternation; but ſhe, with an umbrella in her hand, turned to the tiger, and ſuddenly ſpread it full in his face. This unuſual aſſault ſo terrified the beaſt, that taking a prodigious leap, he ſprung over the fence, and plunged out of ſight into the neighbouring thicket.

E. Well—that was the boldeſt thing I ever heard of. But is it poſſible, mamma, to make one's ſelf courageous?

Mrs. F. Courage, my dear, is of two kinds; one the gift of nature, the other of reaſon and habit. Men have naturally more courage than women; that is, they are leſs affected by danger; it makes a leſs impreſſion upon them, *and does not* flutter their ſpirits ſo

much. This is owing to the difference of their bodily conſtitution; and from the ſame cauſe, ſome men and ſome women are more courageous than others. But the other kind of courage may in ſome meaſure be acquired by every one. Reaſon teaches us to face ſmaller dangers in order to avoid greater, and even to undergo the greateſt when our duty requires it. Habit makes us leſs affected by particular dangers which have often come in our way. A ſailor does not feel the danger of a ſtorm ſo much as a landman; but if he was mounted upon a ſpirited horſe in a fox-chaſe, he would probably be the moſt timorous man in company. The courage of women is chiefly tried in domeſtic dangers. They are attendants on the ſick and dying; and they muſt qualify themſelves to go through many ſcenes of terrour in theſe ſituations, which would

alarm the ſtouteſt-hearted man who was not accuſtomed to them.

E. I have heard that women generally bear pain and illneſs better than men.

Mrs. F. They do ſo, becauſe they are more uſed to them, both in themſelves and others.

E. I think I ſhould not be afraid again to ſee any body blooded.

Mrs. F. I hope not. It was for that purpoſe I made you ſtand by me. And I would have you always force yourſelf to look on and give aſſiſtance in caſes of this kind, however painful it may at firſt be to you, that you may as ſoon as poſſible gain that preſence of mind which ariſes from habit.

E. But would that make me like to be blooded myſelf?

Mrs. F. Not to *like* it, but to loſe all fooliſh fears about it, and ſubmit calmly to it when good for you. But

I hope you have ſenſe enough to do that already.

PHAETON JUNIOR;

OR, THE GIG DEMOLISHED.

Ye heroes of the upper form,
Who long for whip and reins,
Come liſten to a diſmal tale,
Set forth in diſmal ſtrains.

Young *Jehu* was a lad of fame,
As all the ſchool could tell;
At cricket, taw, and priſon-bars,
He bore away the bell.

Now welcome Whitſuntide was come,
And boys with merry hearts
Were gone to viſit dear mamma,
And eat her pies and tarts.

As ſoon as Jehu ſaw his ſire,
A boon, a boon! he cried!
O, if I am your darling boy,
Let me not be denied.

My darling boy indeed thou art,
The father wife replied;
So name the boon; I promife thee
It ſhall not be denied.

Then give me, Sir, your long-laſh'd whip,
And give your gig and pair,
To drive along to yonder town,
And flouriſh through the fair.

The father ſhook his head, My ſon,
You know not what you aſk;
To drive a gig in crowded ſtreets
Is no ſuch eaſy taſk.

The horſes, full of reſt and corn,
Scarce I myſelf can guide;
And much I fear, if you attempt,
Some miſchief will betide.

Then think, dear boy, of ſomething elſe
That's better worth your wiſhing;
A bow and quiver, bats and balls,
A rod and lines for fiſhing.

But nothing could young Jehu pleaſe
Except a touch at driving;
'Twas all in vain his father found,
To ſpend his breath in ſtriving.

At leaſt attend, raſh boy! he cried,
And follow good advice,
Or in a ditch both gig and you
Will tumble in a trice.

Spare, ſpare the whip, hold hard the reins,
The ſteeds go faſt enough;
Keep in the middle beaten track,
Nor croſs the ruts ſo rough:

And when within the town you come,
Be ſure with ſpecial care,
Drive clear of ſign-poſts, booths, and ſtalls,
And monſters of the fair.

The youth ſcarce heard his father out,
But roar'd, Bring out the whiſky:
With joy he view'd the rolling wheels,
And prancing ponies friſky.

He ſeiz'd the reins, and up he ſprung,
And wav'd the whiſtling laſh;
Take care, take care! his father cried;
But off he went flap-daſh.

Who's this light ſpark? the horſes thought,
We'll try your ſtrength, young maſter!
So o'er the rugged turnpike road
Still faſter ran and faſter.

Young Jehu, tott'ring in his ſeat,
Now wiſh'd to pull them in;
But pulling from ſo young a hand
They valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting pigs before
Fill'd up the narrow way;
Daſh through the midſt the horſes drove,
And made a rueful day:

For ſome were trampled under foot,
Some cruſh'd beneath the wheel;
Lord! how the drivers curs'd and ſwore,
And how the pigs did ſqueal!

A farmer's wife, on old blind Ball,
Went ſlowly on the road,
With butter, eggs, and cheeſe, and cream,
In two large panniers ſtow'd.

Ere Ball could ſtride the rut, amain
The gig came thund'ring on,
Crash went the panniers, and the dame
And Ball lay overthrown.

Now through the town the mettled pair
Ran ratt'ling o'er the ſtones;
They drove the crowd from ſide to ſide,
And ſhook poor Jehu's bones.

When lo! directly in their courſe,
A monſtrous form appear'd;
A ſhaggy bear that ſtalk'd and roar'd,
On hinder legs uprear'd.

Sideways they ſtarted at the ſight,
And whiſk'd the gig half-round,
Then croſs the crowded market-place
They flew with furious bound.

Firſt o'er a heap of crock'ry ware
The rapid car they whirl'd;
And jugs, and mugs, and pots, and pans,
In fragments wide were hurl'd.

A booth ſtood near with tempting cakes
And groc'ry richly fraught;
All Birmingham on t'other ſide
The dazzled optics caught.

With active ſpring the nimble ſteeds
Ruſh'd through the paſs between,
And ſcarcely touch'd; the car behind
Got through not quite ſo clean:

For while one wheel one ſtall engag'd,
Its fellow took the other;
Dire was the claſh; down fell the booths,
And made a dreadful pother.

Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,
And figs here roll'd around;
And ſciſſars, knives, and thimbles there
Beſtrew'd the glitt'ring ground.

The fall of boards, the ſhouts and cries,
Urg'd on the horſes faſter;
And as they flew, at ev'ry ſtep
They cauſed ſome new diſaſter.

Here lay o'erturn'd in woful plight
A pedlar and his pack;
There, in a ſhowman's broken box,
All London went to wreck.

But now the fates decreed to ſtop
The ruin of the day,
And make the gig and driver too
A heavy reck'ning pay.

A ditch there lay both broad and deep,
Where ſtreams as black as Styx
From every quarter of the town
Their muddy currents mix:

Down to its brink in heedleſs haſte
The frantic horſes flew,
And in the midſt, with ſudden jerk,
Their burden overthrew.

The proſtrate gig with deſp'rate force
They ſoon pull'd out again,
And at their heels, in ruin dire,
Dragg'd lumb'ring o'er the plain.

Here lay a wheel, the axle there,
The body there remain'd,
Till ſever'd limb from limb the car
Nor name nor ſhape retain'd.

But Jehu muſt not be forgot,
Left flound'ring in the flood,
With clothes all drench'd, and mouth and eyes
Beplaſter'd o'er with mud.

In piteous caſe he waded through
And gain'd the ſlipp'ry ſide,
Where grinning crowds were gather'd round
To mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighbouring pump
To clear his diſmal face,
Whence cold and heartleſs home he ſlunk
Involv'd in ſore diſgrace.

And many a bill for damage done
His father had to pay.
Take warning, youthful drivers all!
From Jehu's firſt eſſay.

WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

PAPA, (ſaid Lucy) I have been reading to day, that Sir Iſaac Newton was led to make ſome of his great diſcoveries by ſeeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary in that?

P. There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to catch his attention and ſet him a thinking.

L. And what did he think about?

P. He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

L. Why, I could have told him that —becauſe the ſtalk gave way and there was nothing to ſupport it.

P. And what then?

L. Why then—it muſt fall, you *know.*

P. But why muſt it fall?—that is the point.

L. Becauſe it could not help it.

P. But why could it not help it?

L. I don't know—that is an odd queſtion. Becauſe there was nothing to keep it up.

P. Suppoſe there was not—does it follow that it muſt come to the ground?

L. Yes, ſurely!

P. Is an apple animate or inanimate?

L. Inanimate, to be ſure!

P. And can inanimate things move of themſelves?

L. No—I think not—but the apple falls becauſe it is forced to fall.

P. Right! Some force out of itſelf acts upon it, otherwiſe it would remain for ever where it was, notwithſtanding it were looſened from the tree.

L. Would it!

P. Undoubtedly! for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of ſomewhat elſe moving it. Now the firſt you acknowledge it has not; the cauſe of its motion muſt therefore be the ſecond. And what that is, was the ſubject of the philoſopher's inquiry.

L. But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

P. True—there muſt therefore be a univerſal cauſe of this tendency to fall.

L. And what is it?

P. Why, if things out of the earth cannot move themſelves to it, there can be no other cauſe of their coming together, than that the earth pulls them.

L. But the earth is no more animate than they are: ſo how can it pull?

P. Well objected! This will bring

us to the point. Sir Iſaac Newton, after deep meditation, diſcovered, that there was a law in nature called *attraction*, by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, every thing of which the world is compoſed, draws towards it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its ſize and diſtance. Lay two marbles on the table. They have a tendency to come together, and if there were nothing elſe in the world, they would come together, but they are alſo attracted by the table, by the ground, and by every thing beſides in the room; and theſe different attractions pull againſt each other. Now, the globe of the earth is a prodigious maſs of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any compariſon. It draws, therefore, with mighty force every thing within its reach, which is the cauſe of their falling; and this is called the gra-

vitation of bodies, or what gives them *weight*. When I lift up any thing, I act contrary to this force, for which reaſon it ſeems *heavy* to me, and the heavier, the more matter it contains, ſince that increaſes the attraction of the earth for it. Do you underſtand this?

L. I think I do. It is like a load-ſtone drawing a needle.

P. Yes—that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, only taking place between the magnet and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon every thing alike.

L. Then it is pulling you and me at this moment?

P. It is.

L. But why do not we ſtick to the ground then?

P. Becauſe as we are alive, we have a power of ſelf-motion, which can to a certain degree overcome the attraction

of the earth. But the reaſon you cannot jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is ſpent.

L. I think then I begin to underſtand what I have heard of people living on the other ſide of the world. I believe they are called *Antipodes*, who have their feet turned towards ours, and their heads in the air. I uſed to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I ſuppoſe the earth pulls them to it.

P. Very true. And whither ſhould they fall? What have they over their heads?

L. I don't know—ſky, I ſuppoſe.

P. They have. This earth is a vaſt ball, hung in the air, and continually ſpinning round, and that is the cauſe why the ſun and ſtars ſeem to riſe and

ſet. At noon we have the ſun over our heads, when the Antipodes have the ſtars over theirs; and at midnight the ſtars are over our heads, and the ſun over theirs. So whither ſhould they fall to more than we?—to the ſtars or the ſun?

L. But we are up, and they are down.

P. What is up, but *from* the earth and *toward* the ſky? Their feet touch the earth and their heads point to the ſky as well as ours; and we are under their feet, as much as they are under ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you ſee through it?

L. Sky, with the ſun or the ſtars; and now I ſee the whole matter plainly. But pray what ſupports the earth in the air?

P. Why, where ſhould it go?

L. I don't know—I ſuppoſe where

there was moſt to draw it. I have heard that the ſun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that?

P. You have thought very juſtly on the matter, I perceive. But I ſhall take another opportunity of ſhowing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the ſun, of which, I confeſs, there ſeems to be ſome danger. Meanwhile think how far the falling of an apple has carried us!

L. To the antipodes, and I know not where.

P. You may ſee thence what uſe may be made of the commoneſt fact by a thinking mind.

NATURE AND EDUCATION,

A FABLE.

Nature and *Education* were one day walking together through a nurſery of trees. See, ſays *Nature*, how ſtraight and fine thoſe firs grow—that is my doing! But as to thoſe oaks, they are all crooked and ſtunted: that, my good ſiſter, is your fault. You have planted them too cloſe, and not pruned them properly. Nay, ſiſter, ſaid *Education*, I am ſure I have taken all poſſible pains about them; but you gave me bad acorns, ſo how ſhould they ever make fine trees?

The diſpute grew warm; and at length, inſtead of blaming one another for negligence, they began to boaſt of their own powers, and to challenge each *other to a conteſt* for the ſuperiority.

It was agreed that each ſhould adopt a favourite, and rear it up in ſpite of all the ill offices of her opponent. *Nature* fixed upon a vigorous young Weymouth Pine, the parent of which had grown to be the main-maſt of a man of war. Do what you will to this plant, ſaid ſhe to her ſiſter, I am reſolved to puſh it up as ſtraight as an arrow. *Education* took under her care a crab-tree. This, ſaid ſhe, I will rear to be at leaſt as valuable as your pine.

Both went to work. While *Nature* was feeding her pine with plenty of wholeſome juices, *Education* paſſed a ſtrong rope round its top, and pulling it downwards with all her force, faſtened it to the trunk of a neighbouring oak. The pine laboured to aſcend, but not being able to ſurmount the obſtacle, it puſhed out to one ſide, and preſently became bent like a bow. Still, ſuch was its vigour, that its top, after deſcending as low as its branches, made a new ſhoo

upwards; but its beauty and uſefulneſs were quite deſtroyed.

The crab-tree coſt *Education* a world of pains. She pruned and pruned, and endeavoured to bring it into ſhape, but in vain. *Nature* thruſt out a bough this way, and a knot that way, and would not puſh a ſingle leading ſhoot upwards. The trunk was, indeed, kept tolerably ſtraight by conſtant efforts; but the head grew awry and ill-faſhioned, and made a ſcrubby figure. At length, *Education*, deſpairing of making a ſightly plant of it, ingrafted the ſtock with an apple, and brought it to bear tolerable fruit.

At the end of the experiment, the ſiſters met to compare their reſpective ſucceſs. Ah, ſiſter! (ſaid *Nature*) I ſee it is in your power to ſpoil the beſt of my works. Ah, ſiſter! (ſaid *Education*) it is a hard matter to contend againſt you—however, ſomething may be done by taking pains enough.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

AVERSION SUBDUED.

A DRAMA.

SCENE—*A Road in the Country.*

Arbury—Belford, walking.

Belford. PRAY who is the preſent poſſeſſor of the Brookby eſtate?

Arbury. A man of the name of Goodwin.

B. Is he a good neighbour to you?

A. Far from it; and I wiſh he had ſettled a hundred miles off rather than come here to ſpoil our neighbourhood.

B. I am ſorry to hear that; but what is your objection to him?

A. O, there is nothing in which we agree. In the firſt place he is quite of

the other ſide in politics; and that, you know, is enough to prevent all intimacy.

B. I am not entirely of that opinion; but what elſe?

A. He is no ſportſman, and refuſes to join in our aſſociation for protecting the game. Neither does he chooſe to be a member of any of our clubs.

B. Has he been aſked?

A. I don't know that he has directly, but he might eaſily propoſe himſelf if he liked it. But he is of a cloſe unſociable temper, and I believe very niggardly.

B. How has he ſhown it?

A. His ſtyle of living is not equal to his fortune; and I have heard of ſeveral inſtances of his attention to petty economy.

B. Perhaps he ſpends his money in charity.

A. *Not he,* I dare ſay. It was but

laſt week that a poor fellow who had loſt his all by a fire went to him with a ſubſcription-paper, in which were the names of all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood; and all the anſwer he got was, that he would conſider of it.

B. And did he conſider?

A. I don't know, but I ſuppoſe it was only an excuſe. Then his predeceſſor had a park well ſtocked with deer, and uſed to make liberal preſents of veniſon to all his neighbours. But this frugal gentleman has ſold them all off, and got a flock of ſheep inſtead.

B. I don't ſee much harm in that, now mutton is ſo dear.

A. To be ſure he has a right to do as he pleaſes with his park, but that is not the way to be beloved, you know. As to myſelf, I have reaſon to think he bears me particular ill-will.

B. Then he is much in the wrong, for I believe you are as free from ill

will to others as any man living. But how has he ſhown it, pray?

A. In twenty inſtances. He had a horſe upon ſale the other day to which I took a liking, and bid money for it. As ſoon as he found I was about it, he ſent it off to a fair on the other ſide of the county. My wife, you know, is paſſionately fond of cultivating flowers. Riding lately by his grounds, ſhe obſerved ſomething new, and took a great longing for a root or cutting of it. My gardener mentioned her wiſh to his (contrary, I own, to my inclination), and he told his maſter; but inſtead of obliging her, he charged the gardener on no account to touch the plant. A little while ago I turned off a man for ſaucy behaviour; but as he had lived many years with me, and was a very uſeful ſervant, I meant to take him again upon his ſubmiſſion, which, *I did not doubt,* would ſoon happen.

Inſtead of that he goes and offers himſelf to my civil neighbour, who, without deigning to apply to me even for a character, entertains him immediately. In ſhort, he has not the leaſt of a gentleman about him, and I would give any thing to be well rid of him.

B. Nothing, to be ſure, can be more unpleaſant in the country than a bad neighbour, and I am concerned it is your lot to have one. But there is a man who ſeems as if he wanted to ſpeak with you, [*A countryman approaches.*

A. Ah! it is the poor fellow that was burnt out. Well, Richard, how go you on—what has the ſubſcription produced you?

Richard. Thank your honour, my loſſes are nearly all made up.

A. I am very glad of that; but when I ſaw the paper laſt, it did not reach half way.

R. It did not, Sir; but you ma

remember aſking me what Mr. Goodwin had done for me, and I told you he took time to conſider of it. Well, Sir—I found that the very next day he had been at our town, and had made very particular inquiry about me and my loſſes among my neighbours. When I called upon him in a few days after, he told me he was very glad to find that I bore ſuch a good character, and that the gentlemen round had ſo kindly taken up my caſe; and he would prevent the neceſſity of my going any further for relief. Upon which he gave me, God bleſs him! a draught upon his banker for fifty pounds.

A. Fifty pounds!

R. Yes, Sir—it has made me quite my own man again; and I am now going to purchaſe a new cart and team of horſes.

A. A noble gift indeed! I could never have thought it. Well, Richard,

I rejoice at your good fortune. I am ſure you are much obliged to Mr. Goodwin.

R. Indeed I am, Sir, and to all my good friends. God bleſs you! Sir.

[*Goes on.*

B. Niggardlineſs, at leaſt, is not this man's foible.

A. No—I was miſtaken in that point. I wronged him, and I am ſorry for it. But what a pity it is that men of real generoſity ſhould not be amiable in their manners, and as ready to oblige in trifles as in matters of conſequence.

B. True—'tis a pity when that is really the caſe.

A. How much leſs an exertion it would have been, to have ſhown ſome civility about a horſe or a flower-root!

B. A propos of flowers, there's your gardener carrying a large one in a pot.

Enter Gardener.

A. Now James, what have you got there?

Gard. A flower, Sir, for Madam, from Mr. Goodwin's.

A. How did you come by it?

G. His gardener, Sir, ſent me word to come for it. We ſhould have had it before, but Mr. Goodwin thought it would not move ſafely.

A. I hope he has got more of them.

G. He has only a ſeedling plant or two, Sir; but hearing that Madam took a liking to it, he was reſolved to ſend it her, and a choice thing it is! I have a note for Madam in my pocket.

A. Well, go on.

[*Exit Gardener.*

B. Methinks this does not look like deficiency in civility.

A. No—it is a very polite action—I can't deny it, and I am obliged to

him for it. Perhaps, indeed, he may feel he owes me a little amends.

B. Poſſibly—It ſhows he *can* feel, however.

A. It does. Ha! there's Yorkſhire Tom coming with a ſtring of horſes from the fair. I'll ſtep up and ſpeak to him. Now, Tom! how have horſes gone at Market-hill?

Tom. Dear enough, your honour!

A. How much more did you get for Mr. Goodwin's mare than I offered him?

T. Ah! Sir! that was not a thing for your riding, and that Mr. Goodwin well knew. You never ſaw ſuch a vicious toad. She had like to have killed the groom two or three times. So I was ordered to offer her to the mail-coach people, and get what I could from them. I might have ſold her better if Mr. Goodwin would have let me, for ſhe was a fine creature to *look* at as need be, and quite ſound.

A. And was that the true reaſon, Tom, why the mare was not ſold to me?

T. It was, indeed, Sir.

A. Then I am highly obliged to Mr. Goodwin. *(Tom rides on.)* This was handſome behaviour indeed!

B. Yes, I think it was ſomewhat more than politeneſs—it was real goodneſs of heart.

A. It was. I find I muſt alter my opinion of him, and I do it with pleaſure. But, after all, his conduct with reſpect to my ſervant is ſomewhat unaccountable.

B. I ſee reaſon to think ſo well of him in the main, that I am inclined to hope he will be acquitted in this matter too.

A. There the fellow is, I wonder he has my old livery on yet.

[*Ned approaches, pulling off his hat.*

N. Sir, I was coming to your honour.

A. What can you have to ſay to me now, Ned?

N. To aſk pardon, Sir, for my miſbehaviour, and beg you to take me again.

A. What—have you ſo ſoon parted with your new maſter?

N. Mr. Goodwin never was my maſter, Sir. He only kept me in his houſe till I could make it up with you again; for he ſaid he was ſure you were too honourable a gentleman to turn off an old ſervant without good reaſon, and he hoped you would admit my excuſes after your anger was over.

A. Did he ſay all that?

N. Yes, Sir; and he adviſed me not to delay any longer to aſk your pardon.

A. Well—go to my houſe, and I will talk with you on my return.

B. Now, my friend, what think you of this?

A. I think more than I can well expreſs. It will be a leſſon to me never to make haſty judgments again.

B. Why, indeed, to have concluded that ſuch a man had nothing of the gentleman about him muſt have been rather haſty.

A. I acknowledge it. But it is the misfortune of theſe reſerved characters that they are ſo long in making themſelves known; though when they are known they often prove the moſt truly eſtimable. I am afraid even now, that I muſt be content with eſteeming him at a diſtance.

B. Why ſo?

A. You know I am of an open ſociable diſpoſition.

B. Perhaps he is ſo too.

A. If he was, ſurely we ſhould have been better acquainted before this time.

B. It may have been prejudice ra-

ther than temper, that has kept you aſunder.

A. Poſſibly ſo. That vile ſpirit of party has ſuch a ſway in the country, that men of the moſt liberal diſpoſitions can hardly free themſelves from its influence. It poiſons all the kindneſs of ſociety; and yonder comes an inſtance of its pernicious effects.

B. Who is he?

A. A poor ſchoolmaſter with a large family in the next market-town, who has loſt all his ſcholars by his activity on our ſide in the laſt election. I heartily wiſh it was in my power to do ſomething for him; for he is a very honeſt man, though perhaps rather too warm. [*The ſchoolmaſter comes up.*

Now, Mr. Penman, how go things with you?

P. I thank you, Sir, they have gone poorly enough, but I hope they are in the way to mend.

A. I am glad to hear it—but how?

P. Why, Sir, the free ſchool of Stoke is vacant, and I believe I am likely to get it.

A. Ay?—I wonder at that. I thought it was in the hands of the other party.

P. It is, Sir; but Mr. Goodwin has been ſo kind as to give me a recommendation, and his intereſt is ſufficient to carry it.

A. Mr. Goodwin! you ſurpriſe me.

P. I was much ſurpriſed too, Sir. He ſent for me of his own accord, (for I ſhould never have thought of aſking *him* a favour) and told me he was ſorry a man ſhould be injured in his profeſſion on account of party, and as I could not live comfortably where I was, he would try to ſettle me in a better place. So he mentioned the vacancy of Stoke, and offered me letters to the truſtees. *I was never ſo* affected in my life, Sir—

I could hardly ſpeak to return him thanks. He kept me to dinner, and treated me with the greateſt reſpect. Indeed I believe there is not a kinder man breathing than Mr. Goodwin.

A. You have the beſt reaſon in the world to ſay ſo, Mr. Penman. What—did he converſe familiarly with you?

P. Quite ſo, Sir. We talked a great deal about party-affairs in this neighbourhood, and he lamented much that differences of this kind ſhould keep worthy men at a diſtance from each other. I took the liberty, Sir, of mentioning your name. He ſaid he had not the honour of being acquainted with you, but he had a ſincere eſteem for your character, and ſhould be glad of any occaſion to cultivate a friendſhip with you. For my part, I confeſs to my ſhame, I did not think there could have been ſuch a man on that ſide.

A. Well—good morning.

P. Your moſt obedient, Sir.

[*He goes.*

A. (*After ſome ſilence.*) Come, my friend, let us go.

B. Whither?

A. Can you doubt it?—to Mr. Goodwin's to be ſure! After all I have heard, can I exiſt a moment without acknowledging the injuſtice I have done him, and begging his friendſhip?

B. I ſhall be happy, I am ſure, to accompany you on that errand. But who is to introduce us?

A. O, what are form and ceremony in a caſe like this! Come—come.

B. Moſt willingly.

[*Exeunt.*

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himſelf, when diſmounting to gather a *plant in the* hedge, his horſe got looſe

and gallopped away before him. He followed calling the horſe by his name, which ſtopped, but on his approach ſet off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, ſeeing the affair, ran acroſs where the road made a turn, and getting before the horſe, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy cheerful countenance. Thank you, my good lad! (ſaid he) you have caught my horſe very cleverly. What ſhall I give you for your trouble? (putting his hand into his pocket.)

I want nothing, Sir, ſaid the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? ſo much the better for you. Few men can ſay as much. But pray what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tenting the ſheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almoſt as good as play.

Mr. L. Who ſet you to work?

B. My daddy, Sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Juſt by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, Sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. I ſhall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

B. Ever ſince ſix in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry?

B. Yes—I ſhall go to my dinner *ſoon.*

Mr. L. If you had fixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had ſo much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? what are thoſe?

Mr. L. Such as balls, nine pins, marbles, tops, and wooden horſes.

B. No, Sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we ſet traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of ſtilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing elſe?

B. No. I have hardly time for thoſe; for I always ride the horſes to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I ſuppoſe, if you had money.

B. O—I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would not you like a knife to cut ſticks?

B. I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your ſhoes are full of holes—don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But theſe let in water.

B. O, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better at home, but I had as lieve have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I ſometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry ſometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philoſopher!

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I ſay, you are a philoſopher, but I am ſure you do not know what that means.

B. No, Sir—no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no! *(laughing.)* Well, my boy, you ſeem to want nothing at all, ſo I ſhall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at ſchool?

B. No, Sir, but daddy ſays I ſhall go after harveſt.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, the boys have all a Spelling Book and a Teſtament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them—tell your daddy ſo, and that it is becauſe I thought you a very good contented little boy. So now go to your ſheep again.

B. I will, Sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good bye, Peter.

B. Good bye, Sir.

FLYING AND SWIMMING.

How I wiſh I could fly! (cried Robert, as he was gazing after his pigeons that were exerciſing themſelves in a morning's flight.) How fine it muſt be to ſoar to ſuch a height, and to daſh through the air with ſo ſwift a motion!

I doubt not (ſaid his father) that the pigeons have great pleaſure in it; but we have our pleaſures too; and it is idle to indulge longings for things quite *out of our power.*

R. But do you think it impoſſible for men to learn to fly?

F. I do—for I ſee they are not furniſhed by nature with organs requiſite for the purpoſe.

R. Might not artificial wings be contrived, ſuch as Dædalus is ſaid to have uſed?

F. Poſſibly they might; but the difficulty would be to put them in motion.

R. Why could not a man move them if they were faſtened to his ſhoulders, as well as a bird?

F. Becauſe he has got arms to move, which the bird has not. The ſame organs which in quadrupeds are employed to move the fore legs, and in man, the arms, are ſpent in birds on the motion of the wings. Nay, the muſcles, or bundles of fleſh, that move the wings, are proportionally much larger and ſtronger than thoſe beſtowed upon our arms; ſo that it is impoſſible, formed

as we are, that we ſhould uſe wings, were they made and faſtened on with ever ſo much art.

R. But angels, and Cupids, and ſuch things, are painted with wings; and I think they look very natural.

F. To you they may appear ſo; but an anatomiſt ſees them at once to be monſters, which could not really exiſt.

R. God might have created winged men, however, if he had pleaſed.

F. No doubt; but they could not have had the ſame ſhape that men have now. They would have been different creatures, ſuch as it was not in his plan to make. But you that long to fly—conſider if you have made uſe of all the faculties already given you! You want to ſubdue the element of air—what can you do with that of water? Can you ſwim?

R. No, not yet.

F. *Your companion* Johnſon, I think, *can ſwim very well.*

R. Yes.

F. Reflect, then, on the difference betwixt him and you. A boat overſets with you both in a deep ſtream. You plump at once to the bottom, and infallibly loſe your life. He riſes like a cork, darts away with the greateſt eaſe, and reaches the ſide in perfect ſafety. Both of you purſued by a bull, come to the ſide of a river. He jumps in and croſſes it. You are drowned if you attempt it, and toſſed by the bull if you do not. What an advantage he has over you! Yet you are furniſhed with exactly the ſame bodily powers that he is. How is this?

R. Becauſe he has been taught, and I have not.

F. True—but it is an eaſy thing to learn, and requires no other inſtruction than boys can give one another when they bathe together; ſo that I wonder any body ſhould neglect to acquire a

art at once agreeable and uſeful. The Romans uſed to ſay, by way of proverb, of a blockhead, "He can neither read nor ſwim." You may remember how Cæſar was ſaved at Alexandria by throwing himſelf into the ſea, and ſwimming with one hand, while he held up his Commentaries with the other.

R. I ſhould like very well to ſwim, and I have often tried, but I always pop under water, and that daunts me.

F. And it is that fear which prevents you from ſucceeding.

R. But is it as natural for man to ſwim as for other creatures? I have heard that the young of all other animals ſwim the firſt time they are thrown into the water.

F. They do—they are without fear. In our climate the water is generally cold, and is early made an object of terrour. But in the hot countries, where *bathing is one* of the greateſt of plea-

ſures, young children ſwim ſo early and well, that I ſhould ſuppoſe they take to it almoſt naturally.

R. I am reſolved to learn, and I will aſk Johnſon to take me with him to the river.

F. Do; but let him find you a ſafe place to begin at. I don't want you, however, to proceed ſo cautiouſly as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack did.

R. How was that?

F. He ſpread himſelf out on a large table, and placing before him a baſin of water with a frog in it, he ſtruck with his arms and legs as he obſerved the animal do.

R. And did that teach him?

F. Yes—to ſwim on dry land; but he never ventured himſelf in the water.

R. Shall I get corks or bladders?

F. No; learn to depend on your own powers. It is a good leſſon in other things, as well as in ſwimming.

Learning to ſwim with corks, is like learning to conſtrue Latin with a tranſlation on the other ſide. It ſaves ſome pains at firſt, but the buſineſs is not done half ſo effectually.

THE FEMALE CHOICE.

A TALE.

A YOUNG girl, having fatigued herſelf one hot day with running about the garden, ſat herſelf down in a pleaſant arbour, where ſhe preſently fell aſleep. During her ſlumber, two female figures preſented themſelves before her. One was looſely habited in a thin robe of pink with light green trimmings. Her ſaſh of ſilver gauze flowed to the ground. Her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck; and her head-dreſs *conſiſted* of artificial flowers interwoven *with feathers.* She held in one hand a

ball-ticket, and in the other a fancy-dreſs all covered with ſpangles and knots of gay ribband. She advanced ſmiling to the girl, and with a familiar air thus addreſſed her:

My deareſt Meliſſa, I am a kind genius who have watched you from your birth, and have joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you a companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you. This dreſs and this ticket will give you free acceſs to all the raviſhing delights of my palace. With me you will paſs your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amuſements. Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other buſineſs than to flutter from flower to flower, and ſpread your charms before admiring ſpectators. No reſtraints, no toils, no dull taſks are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleaſure, life, and good humour. Come then

my dear! Let me put you on this dreſs, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away, with me!

Meliſſa felt a ſtrong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph; but firſt ſhe thought it would be prudent at leaſt to aſk her name.

My name, ſaid ſhe, is DISSIPATION.

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a cloſe habit of brown ſtuff, ſimply relieved with white. She wore her ſmooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole perſon was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was ſerious, but ſatisfied; and her air was ſtaid and compoſed. She held in one hand a diſtaff; on the oppoſite arm hung a work-baſket; and the girdle round her waiſt was garniſhed with ſciſſars, knitting needles, reels, and other implements of female labour. A bunch of keys hung at her ſide. She thus accoſted the ſleeping girl:

Meliſſa, I am the genius who have ever been the friend and companion of your mother; and I now offer my protection to you. I have no allurements to tempt you with like thoſe of my gay rival. Inſtead of ſpending all your time in amuſements, if you enter yourſelf of my train, you muſt riſe early, and paſs the long day in a variety of employments, ſome of them difficult, ſome laborious, and all requiring ſome exertion of body or mind. You muſt dreſs plainly, live moſtly at home, and aim at being uſeful rather than ſhining. But in return I will enſure you content, even ſpirits, ſelf-approbation, and the eſteem of all who thoroughly know you. If theſe offers appear to your young mind leſs inviting than thoſe of my rival, be aſſured, however, that they are more real. She has promiſed much more than ſhe can ever make good. Perpetual pleaſures are no more in the

power of Diſſipation, than of Vice or Folly to beſtow. Her delights quickly paſſ, and are inevitably ſucceeded by languor and diſguſt. She appears to you under a diſguiſe, and what you ſee is not her real face. For myſelf, I ſhall never ſeem to you leſs amiable than I now do, but, on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will hear me ſing at my work; and when work is over, I can dance too. But I have ſaid enough. It is time for you to chooſe whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happineſs depends. If you would know my name, it is HOUSEWIFERY.

Meliſſa heard her with more attention than delight; and though overawed by her manner, ſhe could not help turning again to take another look at the firſt ſpeaker. She beheld her ſtill offering her preſents with ſo bewitching an

air, that ſhe felt it ſcarcely poſſible to reſiſt; when, by a lucky accident, the maſk, with which Diſſipation's face was ſo artfully covered, fell off. As ſoon as Meliſſa beheld, inſtead of the ſmiling features of youth and cheerfulneſs, a countenance wan and ghaſtly with ſickneſs, and ſoured by fretfulneſs, ſhe turned away with horrour, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her ſober and ſincere companion.

THE END OF VOL. III.

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